

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the Boston Herald. It has been published weekly for forty-eight years, with the exception of a few years when it was published bi-weekly. It has a circulation of about 1,000 copies, and is one of the most influential newspapers in the city. It is published at 12 Thames Street, and its telephone number is 1234.

Local Matters.

Atlantic Fleet for War Game.

The great Atlantic Fleet has been in Newport harbor all the week, making preparations for the big war game to be played next week, which will end the stay of the ships in these waters until another summer comes around. There will be no more shore leave this week, all officers and men being required to be on board their ships to-day. A portion of the fleet under command of Admiral Mayo will sail to-day in order to get well out to sea as the attacking force. Other ships and auxiliaries will act as the defending fleet in an endeavor to prevent the enemy from effecting a landing on the coast.

At the conclusion of the war game the ships will come back into the harbor for a few days to remain until their departure for the Southern drill grounds. The men will receive their pay while the ships are at sea so there should be considerable money put into circulation when they come back into the harbor again.

Earwigs a Nuisance.

An influx of earwigs in the southern portion of the city has caused much damage to growing flowers in some of the handsome gardens and has also caused much annoyance to summer residents. These bugs are not natives of this country and are practically unknown here. Newport's supply probably having been brought in on some importation of nursery stock from abroad. A representative of the United States Department of Agriculture has been in the city in an endeavor to exterminate them, but it is going to be a hard job as they have multiplied wonderfully. One of the favorite hiding places is the bamboo stakes used for plant supports and in many of the gardens these stakes are literally full of them. They are getting into the houses, too, being able to force themselves through the meshes of the ordinary fly screen.

Death from Infantile Paralysis.

There was another death from infantile paralysis in this vicinity on Tuesday, when the five-year old daughter of Mrs. Raymond Chase died at her home in Middletown. The child was sick but a short time and the case was diagnosed as infantile paralysis on the afternoon before the death. Paralysis of the throat was the cause of death.

Mrs. Chase lives on Slate Hill in Middletown and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Stevens, Jr., all formerly residents of Newport. This was her only child and her death comes as a severe blow to her family.

This makes the third death from this disease in this immediate vicinity this summer. All three suffered from paralysis of the throat and succumbed quickly after the diagnosis was made.

The annual outing of the Republican Club of Rhode Island will be held at Rocky Point next Tuesday, the party going down from Providence on the boat leaving the city at 12 o'clock. A score dinner will be served at the Point at 1 o'clock and will be followed by some interesting speeches. The list of speakers includes Governor R. Livingston Beebeekman and three United States Senators—Henry F. Lippitt of Rhode Island, Lawrence W. Sherman of Illinois, and James W. Wadsworth, Jr. of New York. It is probable that quite a number will go up from Newport to attend the outing.

Fall will be upon us before we know it. Fall is well over this week, and the season will soon begin to wane. The days have already decreased in length one hour and 33 minutes, and the sun sets at 4:41. There is still lots of more daylight in the morning, however, and if the clocks were set forward an hour the change would be appreciated by many.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Lucius D. Davis.
Mrs. Mary A. Davis, widow of the late Lucius D. Davis, for many years a prominent resident of Newport, died on Sunday at the home of her daughter in Philadelphia, where she had lived for many years. She had reached the advanced age of ninety years and her last illness was very short, her health previous to the day of her death having been very good. She was born near Buffalo, N. Y., and married Mr. Davis in 1816. In 1863 Mr. Davis was appointed pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, and here they made their home until Mr. Davis died in 1909, the widow removing to Philadelphia to make her home with her daughter a few months later.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Fred Perry Power and Miss Mary L. Davis, both living in Philadelphia. Another daughter, Mrs. Theophilus T. Pittman, died in 1888 while travelling abroad.

Mrs. Davis was well known in Newport and continued her interest in the city until the last. Her husband was at one time editor of the Newport Daily News and one of the proprietors, the firm being Davis & Pittman.

Newport County Fair.

The premium lists of the Newport County Agricultural Society for their fair to be held September 19, 20, 21 and 22, have just been printed at the MERCURY office and are now ready for distribution. This will be the nineteenth annual fair of this Society and there will be many new features this year to make it more interesting than ever. This is purely an agricultural fair and being a Newport County institution should be liberally patronized by the people of this County. There are many features of interest to the ladies and children.

In order to conform to the government red tape regarding the issuing of regulation rifles, which does not recognize independent military commands, the Newport Artillery Company has organized the Narragansett Rifle Association to be affiliated with the National Rifle Association. Lieutenant Colonel Robert C. Ebbs will be president of the association, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes vice president, Horace S. Brown secretary, H. H. Hayden treasurer, and William M. Thompson executive officer.

"Chateau Noogo," the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bristow on Bellevue avenue, was entered some time Monday night and the servants quarters were ransacked. A small amount of money and jewelry was taken, and the intruder made a meal from the refrigerator in the pantry. Entry was made by removing a screen from the lower floor, but it was evidently not the work of a professional burglar.

Although the rain fell briskly last Sunday morning, giving every indication of another disagreeable Sunday, before noon the sun came out clear and the afternoon was delightful though rather cool. There was not as large a crowd of visitors in Newport as on the previous day because of the threatening weather in the morning.

An alarm of fire from box 212 Wednesday noon called the department to the home of John V. Silvia on Van Zandt avenue, where a lively fire was in progress in the parlor. Deputy Chief Lawton was the first arrival and held the flames in check with his hand extinguisher so that there was little for the rest of the department to do.

There was a large attendance at Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening to hear Christian Science history and doctrines explained by Mr. Virgil O. Strickler, a member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church in Boston. Mr. George B. Austin, second reader of the local Society, presided and introduced the speaker of the evening.

Mr. Patrick J. Ryan is to open a drug store in the Booth building at the corner of Thames and Mary streets, formerly occupied as a cigar store. He has resigned as local manager for the Hall & Lyon store, and in his absence the postal station there has been discontinued for a time.

The fire department had two needless calls to box 211 on Halsey street on Saturday and Sunday, the recall sounding in a few minutes in each case. One alarm was attributed to a smoking automobile, but no cause was assigned for the other and no trace of fire could be discovered.

Summer residents of Portsmouth and Tiverton are planning to stage an interesting pageant on the grounds of Hon. Joseph H. O'Neill of Boston in the former town on Tuesday next. A very elaborate affair is promised.

Mrs. E. Benjamin May is recovering from a recent operation in Manchester, N. H.

Child Killed by Auto.

Abbie Sullivan, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Sullivan residing on Marlborough street, was killed by an automobile belonging to Mr. William P. Burden on Spring street Monday forenoon. The accident was deemed unavoidable and the police do not believe that the chauffeur was in any way to blame for the unfortunate fatality.

The accident happened near the foot of Sherman street. The Burden car, driven by Chauffeur Edward Davies, was passing through Spring street toward Broadway, moving slowly as there was a little congestion of traffic at that point. Suddenly the child darted out from behind another vehicle directly into the path of the auto, and before the car could be stopped it had passed over her body.

Mr. Herbert E. Nason and Chauffeur Davies lifted the child into the auto and hurried her to the hospital, but nothing could be done for her as she apparently had died instantly. Mr. Davies immediately reported at the Police Station, but was not held. As soon as Mr. Burden heard of the accident he went to the Police Station and later to the home of the child in order to do what he could for the family.

Kingston Fair.

The Washington County Fair will occur on September 12, 13, 14 and 15. The great feature of the last day will be the State Firemen's muster. The Fair Association has voted to award prizes amounting to \$325. In addition the State Firemen's League will give a trophy consisting of American flags and standards for the best engine play and fastest hose reel run. Some of the members were not in favor of the muster at first, expressing the belief that not enough interest had developed in the affair to make it a success. Emphasis was placed on last year's experience at Kingston, when only four engines turned out for three prizes.

At the monthly meeting of the Board of Trade on Tuesday evening, September 12, the board decided to start another campaign for the widening of Thames Street below Commercial wharf. This project was taken up some years ago but because of lack of co-operation among property owners in that vicinity it was dropped. Now that the new federal building is to be erected, many feel that the street should be widened at that point. A committee was appointed to take charge of the matter, consisting of Messrs. William G. Landers, Ernst Voigt, Frank P. King, and George W. Callahan.

The annual business meeting and banquet of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, will be held at the rooms of the Miantonomi Club on Tuesday evening, August 29th. The business meeting will be held at 7 o'clock, and at 7:30 the members and guests will sit down to a dinner prepared by the chef of the club. The members of the Society have found that the dinners that have been served at the Miantonomi Club have proved the most enjoyable of all that have been held.

The Naval Training Cruise, which will serve a similar purpose in training civilians for naval duty as the Plattsburg Camp does for army duty, was begun this week. The battleship Virginia of the reserve fleet came into the harbor on Tuesday and took on board 32 men from this vicinity who are to make the cruise. Others from other ports have since been taken on board and the ship, with others of the reserve fleet with civilians on board will participate in the great war games next week.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Major A. A. Barker Association was held on Sunday afternoon at the camp of Colonel Herbert Bliss on Easton's Point. John P. Shaw was elected president, Charles A. Wilcox vice president, and A. A. Barker secretary and treasurer. A clambake was served and a general good time was enjoyed.

Mr. A. Hartley G. Ward has a badly broken bicycle as the result of a collision with an automobile at Mary and Clarke streets on Tuesday. Complaint was made to the police that the auto was driving on the wrong side of the street.

Mrs. Thomas J. Emery has returned to her residence on Honeyman Hill, after having been ill for some time in Atlantic City.

Election of Officers.

Newport Casino.

President—George Peabody Wetmore.
Vice President—George B. Fearing.
Secretary—George L. Rives.
Treasurer—Frank H. Surges.
Executive Committee—Henry A. C. Taylor, Frank K. Sturges, Henry O. Haverstick.

Newport Clambake Club.

President—Charles M. Orlin.
Secretary—Walker Breece Smith.
Treasurer—Henry H. Ward.
Executive Committee—Dr. Harry Jennings Knapp, Reginald O. Vanderbilt, Clarence W. Dolan, William A. Hazard.

Will not Sell Ferry.

Although the Jamestown Ferry is often a bone of contention among the residents of Jamestown, and is often the cause of lively debates and considerable hard feeling at the town meetings, the taxpayers do not propose to release their control of the line by selling out the town's interests. This was decided at the special town meeting on Wednesday, called for the purpose of voting on a proposition to sell the mortgages and shares of stock in the Ferry Company held by the Town of Jamestown. The full proposition was as follows:

Shall the Town of Jamestown sell and dispose of the several mortgages held by it upon the real estate and personal property of the Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company, together with the several shares of the capital stock of said Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company held by the said Town of Jamestown, provided that the said several mortgages shall not be sold, assigned, or transferred for an amount less than the principal and interest set forth in each thereof payable to said Town of Jamestown, and provided, further that the several shares of the capital stock of said Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company shall not be sold, assigned or transferred for a sum less than that paid by the Town of Jamestown therefor.

Shall the Town Treasurer and five of the tax payers of the Town of Jamestown qualified to vote upon any proposition to impose a tax for the expenditure of money in said Town of Jamestown be elected a committee to devise ways and means for the sale, transfer and delivery of said several mortgages and the notes referred to therein; and the several shares of the capital stock aforesaid, and shall the said committee have full power and authority to take action which may be required in law or in equity to carry out the sale, transfer and delivery of the said several mortgages, the several notes referred to therein, and the several shares of capital stock, to the purchaser or purchasers thereof as aforesaid.

There was a good attendance at the town meeting, and much interest was manifested. The argument was rather spirited at times. Those in favor of the sale argued that the town would do well to dispose of its interests in the Ferry Company and have the money for some much needed town improvement. On the other hand it was claimed that if the town lost its grip on the company, the service might be badly impaired and the town would have no redress.

Those summer residents who have a legal residence in Jamestown evinced much interest in the matter and generally seemed to be opposed to selling. When the vote was taken, it stood 68 to 40 against the proposition, and the Town's holdings in the company will therefore continue as heretofore.

Electric Lights Out.

There was an eclipse of the electric lighting system in the city Thursday evening, which worked considerable inconvenience for those who depend upon electricity exclusively. A slight accident to the generators at the power station caused a total cessation of current until the auxiliary dynamo could be started and this proved insufficient to carry the load. Until the repairs could be completed to the main dynamo, which took about an hour, the city was practically in total darkness.

Enough power was supplied in the interval to keep the street cars running at low speed and with very little light. The arc lights of the street lighting system were out and the various theatres were in darkness as well as stores and houses. Fortunately most of the larger places of business were closed for the night before the accident occurred.

Several Fire Alarms.

Newport has had several fire alarms within the past couple of days, but little damage has been caused. Thursday afternoon the fire alarm was tested by striking box 35, and a short time later box 4 was struck for a slight fire on the roof of a house on DeHollis street. A stream from the chemical quickly subdued its energy.

Shortly after 6 o'clock Friday morning box 513, the private box of the Illuminating Station, sounded for a fire in a pile of soft coal that has been under suspicion for some time because of apparent heating at the center. The recall sounded in a short time, but the big pile of coal will all have to be handled over to cool it off.

Fire alarm box No. 31 is to be changed from the old Police Station on Market square, where it has stood for a great many years, to the corner of Mill and Thames streets, a standard having been set in place this week. With the selling of the old Station to be torn down, a new location was necessary, and it was thought desirable to bring the box onto Thames street where it would be more accessible than on the new Police Station.

Miss Lulu Z. Roderick and Miss Hattie N. Kaul are spending a few weeks at Intervale, N. H.

Board of Aldermen

Except for a communication from the board of health, which was a sort of a bombshell, the session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was devoid of excitement. Alderman Hanley, president of the board, presided in the absence of Mayor Boyle. The communication of the board of health called attention of the board of aldermen to the dirty condition of the City Hall, and requested the board to put it into clean condition and keep it so. The aldermen did not think such conditions exist, as every effort is made to keep the building clean. It was voted to lay the communication on the table.

There was a discussion of the many fires on the Halsey street dump, and the city clerk was instructed to notify the street commissioner to instruct the man in charge of the dump that there shall be no fires there. Much routine business was disposed of.

Invitation Tennis Tournament.

The invitation tournament at the Casino this week has attracted considerable attention, and some good contests have been seen. The weather has been delightful, and not a day has been lost because of storms. There were some rather surprising upsets in the early stages of the tournament, some of the star players being eliminated before the semi-finals were reached on Friday. Both matches on that day were hard fought and some fine tennis was shown before a large gathering. Ichijyu Kumagae, the Japanese wonder, defeated Clarence J. Griffin in a five-set match, 1-6, 6-3, 2-6, 6-1, 6-1. William M. Johnson defeated Harold A. Throckmorton, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-1. These results were about what was expected. To-day, Saturday, Kumagae will meet Johnson in the final round of the tournament and some real tennis may be expected.

Dr. Jeter Endorsed.

There was a good attendance at the meeting at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening in the interests of the Pastors' and Laymen's Humane and Reform Association. Rev. H. N. Jeter, "D. D." founder, Rev. William Morgan Jones presided in the absence of Judge Mortimer A. Sullivan, who had been selected as the presiding officer. The purpose of the organization was explained by Dr. Jeter and others and resolutions were adopted giving the project the hearty endorsement of the meeting. Rev. James R. L. Diggs, Ph. D., of Baltimore explained the work that is already being done in that city as the result of the efforts of Dr. Jeter even before he had his plans for his great work thoroughly arranged. A concert by Cooke's Orchestra, followed the meeting and was greatly enjoyed.

The annual meeting of the Ninth Regiment Volunteer Veteran Association of Rhode Island will be held in this city on Wednesday, August 23rd. The business meeting will be held in the Convention Hall at the Beach, after which the members with their wives and friends will partake of a shore dinner. The Beach was chosen for the place of meeting at a session of the committee on Saturday last in Providence which was attended by Mr. William S. Slocum of this city who is the president of the Association.

The site for the new Federal building has at last been cleared up and turned over to the contractors for the erection of the new building. They have been ready to begin work for some time and have been chafing at the delay in turning the property over to them, as they fear that it will prevent them from getting the structure closed in before bad weather comes.

Two sailors have been fined \$10 and costs each in the police court for the larceny of pillow cases and other articles from their stateroom on the New York boat. The arrest was made by Patrolman Barker on the wharf after he had seen them packing away the stuff in their stateroom.

A kite tournament was a feature at the Vernon avenue playgrounds on Wednesday afternoon, many varieties and styles of kites being shown. There were prizes for the most artistic kites, for a pulling contest, for one-eighth of a mile dash, and for the highest flyer.

Henry Munson of this city was the winner of a five-mile swim off Crescent Park last Sunday, distancing his nearest competitor by a long lead. He carried off the silver cup.

Dr. Hamilton King and Mr. and Mrs. James M. King have returned to Joliet, Ill., after spending some weeks in Newport.

The steamer City of Lowell brought 1250 passengers on a summer excursion from New London on Thursday.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

DYSON-BARKER

The marriage of Miss Harriet Barker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barker of Paradise Avenue, took place Wednesday evening at the residence of her parents, and was attended only by the near relatives and a few intimate friends. The groom, Mr. B. Ethelbert Dyson, Jr., of St. Augustine, Fla., has been associated prominently for the past eight years with the Jacksonville Electric Light Co. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Walter P. Buck, took place at the head of the enclosed piazza amid a shower of tall palms and electric lights. The bride and groom entered together and were unattended. A reception followed during which Mr. Spencer Greason of Newport rendered a number of piano selections. The wedding march was played by a cousin, Miss Etta Brown. The bride, a pretty brunette, wore an attractive princess dress of white silk over white tulle, heavily inserted with Valenciennes lace, and a large hat of white and gold lace and lilies of the valley and white marguerites. Her flowers, bride roses, were carried as an arm bouquet, with long satin streamers and were the gift of Mr. Dorwood, the florist at "Marimont." The piazza was carpeted and was elaborately decorated by the bride's brother, Mr. James H. Barker, Jr., and two cousins, Mrs. William Whitman and Miss Hattie Brown of Middletown. Light refreshments were served and also wedding cake. Mr. and Mrs. Dyson left that evening for a short trip in Boston and expect to return to take the New York boat on Saturday night, where they will visit the groom's relatives. They expect to leave for their home next week and will reside at Springfield, just out of Jacksonville, where their furnished apartments await them. The bride wore a dark blue tulle travelling suit with a gray and old rose hat. The young couple were the recipients of many gifts in silver, cut glass, china, table and bed linen, and a considerable sum in money. It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Dyson will be tendered a reception upon their arrival at their home, as the groom is very popular and the distance prevented many from attending the wedding. Among the relatives present was the bride's maternal grandmother, Mrs. Julia M. Jones of Fall River.

GRANGE FIELD DAY.

In place of the regular meeting for August, Newport County Pomona Grange held, on Tuesday, for the first time in its history, a field day at Island Park, where Manager Negus had been engaged to serve a clambake at noon. There were about a hundred present, representing Jamestown, Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, as well as a party of four from Kingston College. The speaking following the dinner, was also conducted in the hall by the Worthy Lecturer of Pomona, Mrs. William M. Thomas, Past Master of Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, and included Worthy State Master Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown, Ernest C. Thomas and S. C. Damon of the College Faculty at Kingston. Worthy Master Peckham is everywhere urging all patrons of Hubbardry to attend the National Grange at Washington, which will celebrate its 50th anniversary in November. He also spoke of the benefits of the Grange insurance, and recommended that the farmers look out a little sharper for their interests by seeing that they are better represented at Washington. Mr. Thomas took up the "cold pack" method of canning, emphasizing his talk by a large 10 leaf agricultural chart. He strongly advocated canning, both for home use and for market, as a means of eliminating waste on the farms. He exhibited a canning machine, jars, &c., and was glad to reply to questions.

Mr. Damon gave an interesting talk upon alfalfa of which comparatively little is known. The crop is a most desirable one as it can often be cut three times in a season and requires no fertilizer. It makes excellent feed for all the creatures, being especially good for horses and poultry. An alfalfa association has been formed in the State for the special purpose of disseminating knowledge concerning it. Mr. Damon distributed seed tubes for inspection and also had bundles of the various varieties which were examined with interest. Mrs. Spooner had arranged a series of sports for the children but so few dared to come that they were abandoned. The special committee for the day comprised Jesse Durfee, William Main, both of Portsmouth Grange, and Mrs. Spooner of Middletown.

Ralph M. Hazard and Clifton B. Ward are planning to hold a subscription dance at the town hall on Tuesday evening. Hodgson's Orchestra will furnish music.

Special meetings for a probationer's class are being held on Sundays after the regular service in the afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The candidates are to be received in full membership on Sunday afternoon, August 27th.

Mr. Edgar M. Phelps, who purchased the Mayer Farm on the East Main road, is soon to build a cottage on the estate for his farmer, Mr. Jesse Durfee.

As the St. Mary's Church lawn party had to be postponed from Thursday to Friday of last week owing to the rain, the Women's Auxiliary of the Holy Cross, which had been planning to commence on Friday a series of mission study meetings, had to postpone the date. Friday of this week is to be taken up with a special meeting to give the members an opportunity to hear Mr. B. A. M. Schapiro, executive secretary of the Hebrew Christian Publication Society of New York.

Mr. Fred J. Buencle of this city has removed with his family to Los Gatos, Cal., where he will make his home in the future. Mr. Buencle was at one time publisher of "The Blue Jacket," a monthly magazine devoted to the interest of the enlisted men in the navy.

Under Fire

A Thrilling Story of Love, Intrigue and Adventure

From the very beginning to the concluding sentence of the last chapter you will enjoy this new serial. Interest is over at the highest pitch; there are plots and counter-plots, spy is pitted against spy, with battle, murder and death thrown in for good measure.

Watch for the Opening Installment!

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Brown Finds His War.

Lieutenant Baum had been gone but a short time when Sergeant Schmidt appeared, bringing Brown with him. The German "noncom" looked at him in vain for his lieutenant, who had ordered him to fetch the American. But only two of his mates, Otto and Hans, remained in the room, standing guard at the street door.

Sergeant Schmidt was nonplused. It was not like Lieutenant Baum to fall one like that. And he gurgled a few throaty German words in his surprise. There seemed nothing to do then but assume the task himself—the duty of examining his prisoner, for so he regarded the interested Mr. Brown, who was already making mental notes of the proceedings, which he intended to use for the embellishment of the stories he would send his paper later.

Charlie had paused just inside the door through which he had entered the room. And now the sergeant beckoned to him violently.

"Komm hier!" he commanded. At that peremptory command Mr. Brown regarded him with mild surprise and a total lack of comprehension. But the sign language was plain enough. So Charlie drew near to that formidable-looking automaton.

"Wasst du hier?" Sergeant Schmidt demanded fiercely.

Mr. Brown appeared to consider him a huge joke. At least he glanced past his frowning interrogator at Hans and Otto and laughed outright.

"I don't get you. Why don't you speak English?" he replied.

But the sergeant stolidly repeated his question.

"Oh, shut up!" Mr. Brown said impatiently.

"Du bist ein Engländer," Schmidt announced with a malevolent glare at his captive.

"No, I'm an American," he explained. "American?" the sergeant repeated dubiously.

"Yes, American!" Charlie mimicked him, congratulating himself that the German language offered fewer difficulties than the French. He even began to pride himself on being a natural linguist. And in order to convince this fellow beyond a possibility of doubt, he reached a hand toward his hip pocket, where he carried his identification papers.

Sergeant Schmidt's eagle eye no sooner detected the move of hand toward his pocket than he thrust his revolver into Mr. Brown's stomach.

"Halt!" That was something that Charlie understood without difficulty, too. He raised both hands above his head as high as he could get them, while a look of ineffable disgust suffused his face.

"You d—n fool," he exclaimed. "I'm not reaching for a gun. These are my passports. Look! Papers!"

With a shake and a twist he managed to throw his coat back from his right hip. And Sergeant Schmidt then proceeded to relieve him of the bulky packet that projected from the pocket. He looked at them with a scowl.

"Ah, you are Französisch!" he declared, still in his native tongue, for he knew no other.

"I'm what?" Charlie inquired. "Französisch! You are no American!"

Charlie grasped only the last word. "Yes, that's right—American, right from the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway; and, believe me, I wish I was right back there right now."

"What do you say?" the sergeant asked him.

"None of your d—n business. . . . You benehold." Mr. Brown was quite enjoying himself, abusing that walking arsenal with impunity. "Have a cigarette?" he asked, holding out his case.

Sergeant Schmidt was not above accepting one, even from the enemy. And he thanked Charlie in a voice as gentle as a bass drum.

"Gee, I'd like to give you one good wallop on the nose just for luck," the American remarked longingly.

Then Schmidt suddenly snatched off Mr. Brown's hat.

"Nix on the Herrmann stuff—what are you doing?" Charlie demanded. He began to feel as if he were taking part in a slapstick vaudeville skit.

The sergeant had his face buried inside the hat. He was looking for clues.

"Englisch!" he spluttered the next moment.

"Of course it's English!" Charlie retorted. "It cost me two-and-six," he added, regarding the rough handling of his straw with indignation.

Sergeant Schmidt leaned over, and, seizing Charlie's coat by the collar, he pulled it back from his neck while he examined the label.

"English also. Spion! Thou art an English spy!"

His trusty henchmen, Hans and Otto, together with their corporal, brought their guns up to their sides; and, hissing "Spion!" in the most sinister manner imaginable, they all three

approached Charlie threateningly.

Mr. Brown suddenly changed his mind about the vaudeville. It seemed to him that possibly he had been unwittingly cast for a tragedy.

"Spion—spion!" he repeated. "Good grief, you don't mean spy?"

"Spy, spy—ja wohl," said Schmidt. "Komm hier!"

He took hold of Charlie's arm and faced him about so that he confronted the trio of formidable soldiers. And then the sergeant ordered them to load.

Charlie observed the operation with increasing alarm.

"Good God, you're not going to shoot me!" he cried. "I'm not English. I'm not a spy." And remembering all at once that the girl whom he had first met at the house of Sir George Wag-



"They're Going to Shoot Me!"

staff in London could speak German, he yelled at the top of his voice, "Madame de Lorde! Madame de Lorde!"

The two privates were aching at him now. And he faced them indignantly. His anger was already beginning to get the better of his fear.

"Say—if you shoot me there are a hundred million people back there who're going to be sore as hell!" he snarled. "They'll come over here and blow you off the face of the earth."

At an order from the sergeant the corporal and one of the privates then grasped their victim and hustled him across the room.

"Say—what are you going to do with me?" Charlie asked. "Let me alone!"

And again he called loudly for Ethel Willoughby.

To his immense relief, at that moment she appeared.

"What are you doing?" she asked the sergeant.

"It is not your affair," he retorted gruffly.

She showed her medal to him—the medal from the Wilhelmstrasse.

"Do you know that?" she inquired. He did. And immediately he cried "Halt!" to Charlie's captors. They released him at once.

"Gosh, I'm glad you're not deaf," Mr. Brown told Ethel with immense relief, as he crossed the room to where she stood.

"He is an English spy," the sergeant protested to the girl.

"No, no, no—you are mistaken," she said. "He is an American."

"They're going to shoot me!" Charlie told her. He did not yet feel safely out of the woods. "For heaven's sake, tell them I'm not a spy."

"I have just told them," she assured him.

"I know. Make sure! Tell 'em again!" he urged her. "Ask if there isn't someone who speaks English."

Questioned as to whether there were not some officer who understood English, the sergeant informed Ethel that Major von Brenig knew the hateful language.

"For the love of Mike, get him here!" Charlie besought her, when she explained to him.

While Sergeant Schmidt betook himself away in order to summon the major, Charlie Brown turned to Ethel with an air of great relief.

"Well, I was looking for a war, and I certainly picked out the right spot, didn't I?" he asked.

"I suppose mistakes like this are bound to happen. But haven't you papers to prove your identity?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes—yes! French passports, and an English hat and English clothes! All I needed to really finish me was a Russian blouse," he said with a grin. "Seriously though," he went on, "I do want to thank you."

He offered her his hand.

"It was nothing," she said, as she shook hands with him.

Before the major arrived Ethel left him, after promising that she would not go so far away that he might not call her in case he needed her assistance again.

The sight of the fatherly appearing major, whose bearded face soon showed in the doorway, went far to restore Charlie's equanimity.

"The spy—where is the spy?" Major von Brenig asked the sergeant, who followed close at his heels.

Charlie Brown did not wait for the "noncom" to answer. He stepped forward expectantly.

"Are you Major von Brenig—and do you speak English?" he inquired.

"I am, and I do," the officer said.

Mr. Brown smiled at him winningly.

"Fitzsimmons there has my passports," he announced, pointing to the lanky sergeant.

Major von Brenig took the papers from the sergeant and looked them over.

"They seem to be in good order," he said, "viewed by the American consul in Paris."

"And here's a letter from the paper I work for," Charlie added, handing

the major an envelope.

The German officer merely looked at the imprint in one corner. He did not even take the letter from the American.

"It's a good newspaper. I've often read it," he remarked. And he returned the passport to its owner.

"Now what is the trouble?" he asked. "These guys were just going to shoot me as an English spy," Charlie informed him, with an indignant glance at the soldiers.

The major laughed in his face.

"You English?" he cried. "No one but an American ever said 'guy'!" He appeared greatly amused. "I am glad my men did not make the mistake of killing you," he said pleasantly.

"You've nothing on me," Charlie told him.

CHAPTER XVI.

Interviewing the Major.

The sergeant saluted, clicked his spurs together, moved majestically to a position in front of the cigar case, and clicked his heels again. Judging by his movements, one might almost have supposed him to be some great mechanical doll. But Charlie Brown was quite certain that he, for one, had no desire to play with him.

"I feel much better now," he told the major.

"I can imagine," the other said. "You speak very good English," the American remarked generously.

"Why not?" the officer asked. "I spent three years at Columbia."

Mr. Brown's newspaper instincts crowded to the front again.

"By Jove! You're a German! You're in the army—you speak English! . . . It's too good a chance to miss! Say, can I interview you?"

Major von Brenig regarded him curiously for a moment. He seemed to consider that the American would be a satisfactory person to talk to, for he said presently:

"Yes—for I should like America to understand, to realize what Germany is fighting for."

"Fine!" Charlie exclaimed. "Can Germany win?" he demanded, looking up at Major von Brenig in his most professional manner.

"It is inevitable—there is no chance to fail," the officer replied.

"And what is Germany going to gain from the war—if she wins?"

"When she wins, you mean," the major corrected him stily.

"Well, when she wins," Charlie conceded.

"She will be the greatest power in the world!"

"Except the United States!" Charlie interposed.

"Do not let us discuss your country, sir! You are my guest."

Charlie rose and bowed to the German.

"I get you!" he said. "Oh, just a minute!" he added, since the major appeared to consider the interview at an end. "And what about England?" he asked, dropping into the chair once more.

That question was one that the German officer was only too ready to take up.

"What army has England?" And straightway he gave the answer: "None! In only one thing is England our superior—in lies and intrigues!"

"There she has always been our master; but she will not fight. That is for France and Russia to do. But if the war lasts they will grow weary of being the catspaw."

England is a fine example of your happy American phrase, "Let George do it!"

"And the French?" Charlie persisted.

"The French! For forty years they have been thinking of what some day they would do to Germany; and while they thought, we have planned, we have worked—and now today we are ready—and they are not!"

"You seem very confident," Charlie told him.

"Why not? For forty years our men of brains have been planning a system—the most marvelous system in the world!"

"What a pity it isn't devoted to peace instead of war," the American said somewhat positively. All the while, as they talked, the boom of field guns in the distance punctuated their sentences.

"In the end it will be for peace," Major von Brenig said gravely. "The peace of the world. For this is a just war—and justice must triumph!"

"But what of those poor people—these noncombatants—who streamed through here a little while ago?"

"It is the habit of the invaders as barbarians," the German replied warmly. "But we Germans are not barbarians. We are a simple people fighting only for our fatherland."

"And the ruined towns—destroyed homes—and civilians shot?"

But Major von Brenig had always an answer ready. He was an honest man; and he was convinced of the justice of the German cause.

"If we are fighting soldiers we treat them as soldiers," he pointed out. "But if men or women lurk behind closed shutters or on house-tops to shoot our men we shall burn the house they live in and if there is resistance we shall kill all those who resist. It is regrettable, but we must stop guerrilla warfare. We must fight under the laws of civilization."

Another roar as of distant thunder interrupted Charlie Brown's next question.

"And you call that civilization?" he demanded, while the windows of the Lion d'Or rattled under the shock of the distant cannonading.

"I do!"

"I am your guest," Charlie said. So far as he was concerned, he had heard enough. In fact, he had heard almost too much for his own peace of mind. "I think we'd better not continue this discussion or we might get into an argument—and that wouldn't be diplomatic."

"Quite so!" the major agreed, "particularly as I like Americans. . . . And I would not wish to see any of them come to harm," he added significantly.

In his reply there was more than a hint that he had his own plan and

ing good nature there lay an immeasurable capacity for the stern duties of a German patriot, who would unhesitatingly kill any who might stand in the path of victory.

"Again I got you," Mr. Brown said. "But what are you going to do with me?"

"I shall give you a pass through our lines that will take you safely back to Brussels."

Charlie heard him with dismay.

"But I want to go to the front," he protested.

"You have surprised a certain movement of the German army," the major pointed out to him. "It is best you go to Brussels."

Some objection had already leaped to Charlie's lips when the door from the street was thrown open and a uniformed man—an officer—pushed across the threshold. Advancing into the room he exclaimed as he saluted:

"Ah, my dear major!"

Both officers clicked their heels together. And as he returned the salute Major von Brenig told the other that he had been expecting him.

Charlie Brown had started at the sight of the new arrival. And now he moved nearer to the man.

"By George, it's old Streetman!" he cried.

"I beg your pardon—who is this man?" the arrogant Streetman (he was now Strassman) asked the major.

"Charles Brown, a journalist from the United States," Major von Brenig explained.

Henry Streetman remembered Charlie then.

"Oh, yes! I recall him," he said disagreeably. "What is he doing with us?"

"We found him staying here," the major told him. "My men nearly shot him as an English spy."

"It seems almost a pity they didn't," Streetman observed, with a dark look at the newspaper man. "He may be in our way," he said.

Mr. Brown thought it about time to resent Streetman's insolence.

"Really, didn't I meet you in Russia some years ago?" he inquired.

Streetman eyed him coolly.

"No, never!" he snapped. "I have never been in Russia."

"Haven't you?" Charlie exclaimed with a fine show of innocence. "Why—I've heard—"

"You'd best keep what you've heard to yourself," Streetman interrupted him. He stepped close to Charlie so that the major could not hear what he said. And he scowled at the American like the heavy villain of some melodrama.

But Mr. Brown paid scant heed to the menace in the fellow's eyes. Somehow, he felt that he had established fairly cordial relations with the major—Streetman's superior officer. And he did not believe that it lay within the spy's power to injure him greatly. At the warning the fellow half whispered to him Charlie merely smiled.

"Think so?" he taunted the threatening Streetman.

"Yes! Remember now you are inside our lines." And drawing the ma-



"What Is He Doing With Us?"

for to one side, Streetman said: "Major, what shall we do with him?"

"Send him back to Brussels," von Brenig told him.

"Perhaps we can find a better fate for him than that. . . . He is safe here!" Henry Streetman remembered that the American had shown plainly enough—that afternoon at the house of Sir George Wagstaff—that he was in sympathy with the enemies of Germany. And now had come an opportunity to make the fellow pay for his animosity.

"He is quite safe," von Brenig said. And turning to the sergeant he ordered him to remove the American to an adjoining room.

Sergeant Schmidt at once proceeded to carry out instructions. And seizing one of Mr. Brown's ears in a firm grip he started him out of the room.

"You will remain here temporarily as my guest," the major explained. "But I should not advise you to attempt to leave."

"Listen, blondy—" Mr. Brown adjured his evil genius—for so the enthusiastic sergeant appeared to him—"confidentially, because I know you won't repeat it, if the French army misuses you I'll never forgive them."

CHAPTER XVII.

A Wall—and a Firing Squad.

As the door closed behind the sergeant and his prey, Streetman turned to Major von Brenig.

"The damned Americans, we shall have trouble with them yet," he asserted.

"I hope not. They are not a bad people," the more moderate major replied.

"Oh, major—have my English clothes—my civilian clothes—arrived from Berlin!" Streetman asked.

"Yes. They are upstairs with my kit."

"Good! Then I can start tonight for the British trenches," the spy exclaimed.

The other man looked at him somewhat dubiously.

"You think then that your plan to be captured by the English will succeed?"

"It must succeed. This is a map of their positions." He drew a paper from his breast pocket and unfolded it. "The very key-stone to their entrenchments," he exclaimed. "It will be here at trench 27!"—Streetman made a mark upon the map—"It will be here that I shall be found," he said.

"Trench 27!" von Brenig repeated. "Yes! I shall be skulking around—and be taken prisoner. Then I shall give the English false information about a surprise attack that will enable you to break through their lines and smash them!"

"Splendid! Splendid!" von Brenig cried. "By the way—" he added, as an important detail came into his mind—"a man arrived here this afternoon from the Wilhelmstrasse on a special mission."

"Yes? Who is he?"

"A Captain Karl! Major von Brenig said. "You know him?"

"No! And I must meet him."

"You don't suspect?"

"No, no!" Streetman assured him. "At the Wilhelmstrasse few of us know one another; still we cannot be too careful."

"He dines with us," the major explained.

"And then we shall look him over," Streetman said with satisfaction.

"Ant' widerschun!" And Major von Brenig went to his room, congratulating himself the while upon the fact that he had so resourceful an assistant in that able young officer from the Wilhelmstrasse.

Henry Streetman lighted a cigarette, tossing the still blazing match into the fireplace. And he had not waited long before Henri Christophe appeared.

"Major von Brenig wishes to dine at once," the spy told him. "How soon can you be ready?"

"In fifteen minutes, m'sieu."

"Good! There will be three of us—Major von Brenig, myself and Captain Karl."

"Yes, m'sieu!" Henri had already turned to hurry back to the kitchen when a bright blaze in the fireplace met his astonished eyes. It was entirely too warm an afternoon for a fire. Only a madman would have built one.

"Why, what is that?" he exclaimed.

"I lit a cigarette," Streetman said. "I threw my match there." And to one of the soldiers he added, "Put it out at once!"

The man Otto hurried to the fireplace.

"Yes, yes, m'sieu! It is nothing! Only some tree branches—it can do no harm," the innkeeper protested.

In the meantime Otto had extinguished the blaze. He had crawled boldly inside the great opening of the fireplace, to make sure that he did his work thoroughly. And now he emerged, sooty but triumphant, bearing some contrivance in his arms.

"Here is a telephone," he announced proudly.

"What!" Streetman exclaimed. And he hastened to examine the find. "Oh, ho! What's this?" he asked.

Henri Christophe was no less surprised than the others. He took the instrument from Otto and turned it over curiously.

"Why, m'sieu—it is a telephone," he said with an air of the utmost mystification.

"I know, I know—but what is it doing there?" Streetman asked imperiously.

"I do not know, m'sieu," Christophe stammered. In a flash he saw that things looked very black for himself.

"Why did you hide it?" Already Streetman had found him guilty. "I did not hide it, m'sieu!"

An inspiration seized Streetman then. And he took the telephone into his own hands.

"Who are you?" he asked in French, speaking directly into the transmitter. The fellow received an immediate reply. And he said to his men in the next breath. "It was a Frenchman who spoke! That telephone leads to the French. It is the work of a spy." And then Streetman ordered Otto's comrade Hans to ask Major von Brenig to return.

Poor Henri Christophe forgot all about his shapely menu. He stood there, crestfallen. The whole affair

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Saturday, August 19, 1916.

Evidently the people on the Danish Island of St. Croix want to become citizens of the United States. A vote taken a few days ago showed five thousand in favor to eleven against.

The U. S. Geological Survey reports that \$114,000,000 was recovered from the Nation's junk piles during 1916, but not one soumarque's worth of salvage came from the Democratic platform of 1912.

There is a growing belief in the military circles of the United States that this great European War is about ready to collapse. Germany, they think, has got enough and is ready to surrender if the Allies don't ask too much.

Newport merchants, boardinghouse keepers and others will miss the big fleet when it departs next week. The men have spent a good deal of money here this summer, and it has been pretty well distributed throughout the city.

There are varying estimates of the number of former Progressives who will vote for Hughes—but if our own community is anything to form a basis of judgment, it is evident that from eighty to ninety per cent. of the Ball Moose vote of four years ago will be cast for the Republican ticket this fall.

It begins to look as if Newporters would have only a short trip to see the World's Championship ball games this fall. Boston looks like an easy winner in the American League, and Brooklyn is still going strong in the National. If the series is divided between Brooklyn and Boston, Newporters can see all the games without much trouble.

The latest report is that ex-Congressman Gerry will run for U. S. Senator on the Democratic ticket and that Congressman O'Shaunessy will again be a candidate for Congress from this district. Ex-Governor Higgins, Hon. Rathbone Gardner, and ex-Representative Fitzgerald have all declined the honor of running against Senator Lippitt.

With such old time antagonists as ex-Senators Homenway and Boveridge of Indiana working side by side for the success of the Republican ticket, there ought not to be any doubt that Indiana will cast her electoral votes for Hughes and will send two Republicans to the United States Senate in the place of the two Democrats who now represent that state.

The Democrats of this State choose Sunday for the day of opening their campaign. The date is tomorrow and as a preliminary to the dinner and speeches there will be a base ball game and other athletic exercises to draw the crowd. Judge Gray of New York is to fire the opening gun. He will be followed by all the local lights, Congressman O'Shaunessy, ex-Con. Gerry, Mayor Gahner, Col. Quinn, ex-Senator Murphy of Newport and many others. The meeting is under the auspices of the Tilden Club, and will be at Spring Green, on the grounds of the Modoc Club.

A few months ago President Wilson gave out an interview in which he said that he found it best to take counsel with himself because he found advisors too much guided by their own selfish interests. In an address later he said that he had found only two or three men who were unselfish in the advice they gave. Evidently he has heard the rumblings of resentment and fears the consequences at the election in November, for he said recently at Detroit that he wants the counsel of the people because he "is not privileged to determine things independently." Strange how men's opinions change as election day approaches.

If we could believe one quarter that the pro-English papers in this country say we should come to the conclusion that Germany has had an army of pro-seekers in this country and that soon the whole nation would soon become Germanized. The statements of some of these rabid pro-English papers are absolutely absurd. There are no more loyal class of citizens to the United States in this country than the great mass of these citizens of German birth. They have done no more to create a sympathetic feeling for Germany here than have the English-American citizens for their native country. Neither has done more than might naturally be expected under the existing conditions.

Thirty to Fifty Millions Needed.

"President Elliott recently said: 'A law estimate of what the New Haven road should spend to be able to turn out a first class article of transportation in New England territory is probably \$20,000,000, more likely \$50,000,000. I believe we are to increase our business. In the period from 1900 to 1914 the transportation output of the New Haven increased between 40 and 44 per cent, and it is going to increase in the next ten or twelve years an additional 40 per cent. to 46 per cent. All transportation agencies must be able to increase their facilities; but it is going to take money and it cannot be done simply by one railway improving its

facilities, because a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The New Haven, like all other railroads in the country, has been compelled to pay for 100 per cent. to 700 per cent. more for railroad materials. In addition it is confronted with the demands of the four big railroad brotherhoods for an eight-hour day at pay for what is practically now a ten-hour day. These demands of the four big railroad brotherhoods would represent an additional expense to the New Haven of about \$2,000,000 a year. These brotherhoods represent 18 per cent. of the total number of railway employees; they now receive 28 per cent. of the total railway payrolls.

From the report of President Elliott to the directors of the road for the year ending June 30, 1916, it is seen that every property in which the New Haven is interested shows the largest gain in net earnings in its history, except the New York, Ontario and Western, the Hartford and New York Transportation Company and the Rhode Island Company. The further fact is elicited from this report that the New Haven paid off \$6,140,180.66 of its floating debt and spent \$1,362,153.24 for improvements and equipment, a total of \$10,492,333.90 or approximately 6 per cent. on the outstanding capital stock.

What Mr. Hughes Would Do.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

In his Detroit address Mr. Hughes enlarged upon his previous criticism of the Wilson administration and indicated the fundamental principles which would have controlled and directed his actions if he had been president and which will control and direct him if he becomes president. One of these principles is the protection of the American citizen wherever he may be. "If a man is an American citizen," he says, "he goes with his rights and the right to the proper protection of his country under international law wherever he journeys throughout the world." There is nothing new in this declaration. Such rights have been recognized and maintained by every nation worthy of respect for the past century at least. They have been accepted and enforced by every president of the United States since the establishment of our government, with the single exception of the present executive, who, for the first time in our history, has set up the contrary doctrine that an American citizen, unlike the prophet, is without honor save in his own country.

Our imperative duty in our relations with Mexico, as with other countries, begins and ends with the maintenance of our national rights and the individual rights of our citizens. All international law is based upon this basic principle of national protection and the protection of nationals. All treaties of trade and commerce, as well as of comity, are founded upon it. It would have guided, and will guide, the foreign policy of Mr. Hughes. He would have refused to meddle in the internal political affairs of Mexico, but would have firmly insisted upon, and compelled, if need be, a wholesome respect for American citizenship. Every step taken by the present administration has been away from rather than toward this end. America has been made a term of contempt in Mexico and American citizenship a thing of no value. Americans have been forced by their own government to abandon their property and leave the country. And all due to the rejection of the fundamental principle of international law. Mr. Hughes proposes to restore this principle and put it into definite and vigorous action. He has been asked what he would have done, and what he would do, in relation to Mexico. This is his answer, and it is clear and complete.

Not on the Bargain Counter.

(Leslie's Weekly.)

When Roosevelt was President, his Secretary of State negotiated a treaty with Denmark for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, the three islands of St. John, St. Thomas and St. Croix, at \$5,000,000. That was the price fixed in the agreement between Denmark and the United States. The treaty was ratified by the American Congress and by the lower branch of the Danish parliament. It was defeated by one vote in the upper branch, Denmark, because of strained circumstances due to the European war, recently expressed the desire to enter into another treaty for the purchase of the islands by the United States. The present administration has agreed to pay \$25,000,000 for the same islands, "throwing in" American discovery rights in Greenland. Denmark is going to charge us five times as much as she would have charged Roosevelt. Is this due to the high cost of living? The taxpayers have to pay heavy income taxes, munition taxes, taxes on copper, inheritance taxes, and everything else. They have to pay for a \$20,000,000 nitrate plant, when private interests would have built a plant without charge to them, and would have let the government fix its own price for the nitrates. They have to pay \$11,000,000 for a government armor-plate factory, although the private plate offered to save the government this expense and let it fix its own price for armor-plate. The cost of living has gone up. So has the cost of government.

Col. George Pope, treasurer of the Pope Manufacturing Co., says, "Capital must take a page out of the book of labor; it must 'unionize.' I believe that an employers' union, nationwide in its scope, is absolutely essential to the conservation of American industry—as essential to labor as it is to capital."

The annual firemen's muster and play-out will be held this year at Kingsport Fair, the same as last year. This proved quite a drawing card at the fair last fall.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held in the Town Hall on Monday afternoon with all the members present.

In Probate Court the guardian's inventory of the estate of Berkeley A. Wyatt was allowed and ordered recorded. The petition of Catherine M. Wyatt to be appointed administrator of the estate of Berkeley A. Wyatt was taken up and allowed; bond \$1000 with Henry C. Tatro as surety. William N. Tallman was appointed appraiser.

The petition of Frederick Horne to be appointed administrator of the estate of Herbert E. Horne was allowed, notice being waived. Personal bond was given to pay all debts. Thomas Parkinson was appointed appraiser.

The discharge of the guardian of Mildred I. Conley, formerly Boyd, was received and ordered recorded.

Louis Parrells & Son appeared and asked that their bill as undertakers at the funeral of Stanislas Ledoux be allowed as a just claim, as the estate of Stanislas Ledoux has never filed any account and is still open. The petition was allowed.

The first and final account of Benjamin F. C. Boyd administrator of the estate of Maria W. Boyd, was received and referred to the eleventh day of September.

In Town Council the petition of the Bay State Street Railway Company asking permission to trim trees was received and allowed, said trimming to be done under the direction of the highway surveyors and with the consent of the abutting owners.

A similar petition of the Providence Telephone Company was allowed, under the same conditions.

An ordinance relating to vehicles standing in the highways was adopted and ordered advertised. Statements of damage done by dogs to hens belonging to John T. Gardner amounting to \$56.66 ordered paid according to law.

Voted that the clerk be authorized to draw an order for \$100.—, this being one-half the town's appropriation for the Portsmouth Free Public Library.

Voted, that the committee on the town commons at Bristol Ferry be authorized to have the same mowed and put in order.

George R. Hicks, committee, appointed to ascertain the town's authority in regard to the closing of the way through the farm of William L. Sisson, deceased, made a verbal report that the town had no jurisdiction over said way, and that if individuals were aggrieved they may consult the owners of said way.

Voted to meet Sept. 5th to canvass the voting list. Also Price, of Fall River, was granted a peddler's license. Benjamin F. C. Boyd was appointed a special constable. A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

Messrs. Benjamin Hall, Jr., and Dalton Thurston, who left here about two weeks ago to go West, are now in Bismarck, North Dakota, and Mr. Sidney Smoot is in Durant, Oklahoma.

ST. MARY'S LAWN PARTY.

The unpleasant weather interfered with the plans of the Choir Guild of St. Mary's Church for the lawn party which was scheduled for Thursday. In spite of the weather there was a fair attendance and supper was served to fifty people. The sale was conducted in the Rectory.

Friday was pleasant and there was a large attendance. The Fort Adams band was present and played from 2.30 to 3.30. The lawn looked very attractive, being dotted with red parasols sheltering tables stocked with various articles. There were also two small tents, one containing fancy work and the other bridge prizes and favors. Supper was served on the lawn from 5.30 to 8 o'clock. The supper committee was Mrs. L. Lincoln Sherman, Mrs. Albert A. Sisson, Mrs. John A. Elliott and Mrs. William A. Croucher. Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester presided at one table, assisted by Miss Neeman, Marion Gibson and Elizabeth Byrne. Mrs. Barclay Gifford was assisted by Misses Mollie, Louise and Bessie Gray and Ruth Brown. Mrs. George W. Thurston was assisted by Dorothy Spooner, Frances Thurston, Elizabeth Simmons, Laurence Champlin, Manuel Gould and Thornton Sherman. Mrs. Alfred Tuckerman served afternoon tea. Mrs. Charles M. Bull, Mrs. Oliver F. Wilcox and Mrs. Lewis Manchester were in charge of the fancy work. Miss Helen Weaver was in charge of the bridge prizes. Mrs. Frederick A. Coggeshall and Mrs. John Baxter sold cake. Mrs. Sherburne Whipple was at the toy table. Miss Dorothy Sherman and Miss Elsie Wilcox sold candy and cut flowers. Miss Catherine Coggeshall and Miss Gertrude Drake sold lemonade and other cool drinks. Mrs. John McCartney sold ice cream tickets where Franch's ice cream was served. Mr. L. Lincoln Sherman sold supper tickets. Mrs. William M. Hughes was the reception committee. Misses Brown and Griffith made silhouette pictures and did a thriving business. John Papin drove a pony cart which was continuously filled with children having a ride. Rev. and Mrs. Everett P. Smith assisted in many ways in making the affair one of the most enjoyable as well as one of the most successful entertainments of the season. Mrs. Charles Weaver, president of the Guild, was in general supervision of all arrangements.

Rev. and Mrs. John F. Lowden are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Charles Howells with her three daughters, Elizabeth, Clara and Rebecca Howells of Pawtucket.

Mrs. Robert Wyatt, president, entertained the Helping Hand Society at her home on Tuesday. The afternoon was spent in sewing. Supper was served, the public being admitted. The evening was spent socially with games and music out-of-doors.

Mrs. M. Frances Taylor of Providence who has been spending the past three weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony has gone to Newport where she is the guest of Miss Sarah Taylor.

Rev. Mr. Bachman, rector of St. Paul's Church preached at Holy Cross Church Sunday afternoon.

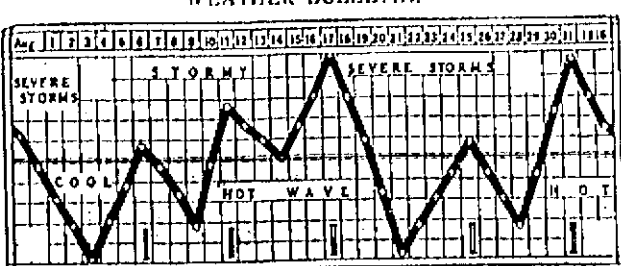
Mrs. Frank L. Tallman has gone to New York to spend a week with her sons, Norman and Lewis.

The Sunday School picnic of St. Paul's Church which was to have been held this week has been indefinitely postponed on account of infantile paralysis.

One of the children of Mr. and Mrs. William Matthews is ill with infantile paralysis and the house is quarantined.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Mott, Miss Ruth Mott and Miss Isabelle F. Fish have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fish of Boston. The party motored to Boston.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



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August temperatures will average about normal for the continent; above normal west of the Rockies' crest, below normal east of the Rockies' crest. South of latitude 38 a little above normal, north of latitude 38 considerably below normal. Highest temperatures on Pacific slope near August 15 and 16, lowest near August 17 and 18. Highest temperatures east of Rockies near August 17 and 18, lowest near August 21 and 22.

Not much rain during August west of Great Lakes. More than usual rain about east of Great Lakes and in the cotton states. Excessive rains in eastern sections. Most rain during the weeks centering on July 30 and August 23. Severe storms east of Rockies near and following July 25 and August 21.

Treble line represents reasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., August 17, 1916.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 23 to 27, warm wave 22 to 26, cool wave 25 to 29. Cool weather will precede this, severe storms and heavy rains accompany it and rising temperatures follow its cool wave. The rains are expected principally in southeastern, southern and eastern sections. Not much rain expected in the middle northwest. We include middle Canada in middle northwest. Dangerous storms are expected in great central valleys and southeast.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver about Aug. 28 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of 29, plains sections 30, meridian 90, great lakes and Ohio valleys 31, eastern sections Sept. 1, reaching Newfoundland about Sept. 2. Storm wave will follow about one day behind warm wave, and cool wave about one day behind storm wave.

This will be an important storm in many ways. Not far from Aug. 28 a tropical storm will organize northeast of Porto Rico and during the week following will have much to do with the weather on the continent. It is expected to cause a great fall in temperatures in the middle northwest near Sept. 3. This cool wave may come into telegraphic view before the hurricane is sighted. From these forces heavy rains are expected during the week, particularly in southern, southeastern, and eastern sections. Not much rain west of great lakes, north of latitude 40.

We expect these forces to cause killing frosts east of Rockies near Sept. 3, farther south than is usual for that early date. That set of storms is supposed to inaugurate a new weather month, but the change will not be radical.

Mrs. Samuel A. Carter is spending a week with Mrs. George R. Hicks of Bristol Ferry.

Mrs. Almira Tallman is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Edward Brown.

Miss Abbie Hicks of Providence is guest of Misses Fannie and Grace Hicks.

Mrs. Frederick Cooke who has been spending several weeks here with relatives has returned to Long Island.

P. H. Clark, 35, was killed when the automobile in which he was riding was struck by a train at Bellingham, Mass.

William Fox, 62, of West Bridgewater, Mass., died from injuries received to his spine when he fell from a load of hay.

The murder car in which Dr. O. F. Mohr was murdered Aug. 31 last was sold at auction at Providence to W. A. Mulry for \$425.

Telephone operators, employed by the New England Telephone and Telegraph company at Delford, Me., have organized a union.

Colonel Roosevelt will make his first campaign speech in behalf of the candidacy of Charles E. Hughes in Lowell, Me., Aug. 31.

While fishing from the wall of the Charles river basin at Cambridge, Mass., Santo Cim, 6, fell into the water and was drowned.

Mrs. Antonio F. Rapello, 62, was found dead in bed in her home at Boston with a gas turned on. The police say it is a case of suicide.

Mayor Curley of Boston approved a request of Fire Commissioner Grady to buy five motor driven combination chemical engines at a cost of \$4899 each.

Hugh Mahon and Frederick Dodge, both of Marlboro, N. H., were instantly killed when a train crashed into an automobile in which they were riding.

In endeavoring to reach shelter from a thunder storm Bernard Gately, 18, fell out of a boat he was rowing hastily at Pelham, N. H., and was drowned.

With a bullet wound through the head, the body of George W. Henry of Chelsea, missing since July 29, was found in the woods at Malden, Mass. He had suffered from insomnia.

For the second time within a year the safe in the Southboro, Mass., postoffice was blown by two men who escaped with \$50 in cash and \$50 worth of stamps. The office was wrecked.

At a hearing before Judge Hubbard in the Waltham, Mass., court, George Bastly, 14, was discharged as blameless in having accidentally killed his chum, Alfred Nolan, while berrying.

Mrs. Mary W. Erickson of Quincy, Mass., filed a \$10,000 suit against George A. Cahill, driver of the Quincy police patrol wagon. Her husband was killed when the wagon struck him.

George A. Gardner, 87, known as a philanthropist and railroad and financial man, died suddenly from heart disease at his Boston home. Up to a few days ago he was in excellent health.

BRITISH KEEPING THEIR LINES INTACT

Germans Fail in Desperate Attempt to Bend Them

London, Aug. 18.—For the first time in weeks no change of importance was reported in any theatre of the war Thursday. The most violent fighting took place on the western end of the British salient. Six times the Germans advanced in force in a desperate effort to bend back the British lines northwest of Pozieres. London reports that all these assaults were repulsed with heavy losses, and that the British in turn captured about 100 yards of trenches northwest of Bazentin.

Something of a mystery exists as to the situation on the eastern front. For two consecutive days the Russians have confined themselves to brief statements that nothing of importance had occurred. The Austrian and German war offices have been almost equally uncommunicative.

The fall in the Italian operations against Trieste is unofficially explained from Rome as due to General Cadorna's desire to stratagem his lines before proceeding with a general offensive against the great Austrian seaport.

Austrian airplanes have again raided Venice, but Rome says they they caused only slight damage.

THREE HUNDRED MEN LOST

Italian Dreadnought Sinks in Harbor When Magazine Explodes

Turin, Aug. 18.—The Italian battleship Leonardo da Vinci caught fire and after several explosions turned over and sank in the harbor at Tarento. About 300 of her crew were drowned.

One of the ship's magazines exploded while efforts were being made to beach her. The blaze is thought to have started in the kitchen. Naval experts believe she can be refloated.

The Leonardo da Vinci was one of the newer Italian dreadnoughts, having been constructed late in 1913. She displaced 22,340 tons and was 554 feet long. Her principal armament consisted of thirteen 12-inch guns. She carried a crew of about 1000 men.

Lansing Asked to Explain

Washington, Aug. 17.—Secretary Lansing was asked to appear before the senate foreign relations committee to answer questions relating to the treaty for the purchase of the Danish West Indies.

From Kaiser to Peobles

Peebles, Sask., Aug. 16.—Following an agitation which has continued since the opening of the European war, this town was renamed Peebles. The former name was Kaiser.

Ohio Has Bury Person Marlon, O., Aug. 16.—Rev. J. A. Sutton, 65, announced that since he was ordained a Baptist minister, in 1874, he has married 685 couples and officiated at 1761 funerals.

Milwaukee's Big Beer Tax Milwaukee, Aug. 17.—A total of \$740,445 as taxes on beer was a new record for the month of July. This at the rate of \$1.50 a barrel, represents 498,632 barrels.

NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS

Happenings in Various Parts of New England

Deaths.

In this city, 14th inst., May Lorette, daughter of Patrick and Helen O'Brien, aged 14 years.

In this city, 14th inst., suddenly, Abbie Eileen, daughter of Timothy and Bridget Casey Sullivan.

In this city, 18th inst., Robert D. Peckham, aged 6 years.

In this city, 18th inst., Julia, widow of the late Patrick Reagan.

In this city, 18th inst., Mary A., widow of James H. Corbett.

In Middleboro, 18th inst., Edith Stevens, daughter of Raymond W. and Edith H. Stevens, and granddaughter of Charles C. and H. Amelia Stevens, aged 5 years, 3 months, 8 days.

In Germantown, Pa., 18th inst., Mary A., widow of Lucius D. Davis, aged 66 years and 6 months.

In Wakefield, 18th inst., Newton Darling Arnold, in his 73rd year.

In Tiverton, 18th inst., Isaac Lawson Chubb in his 43rd year.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, AUGUST, 1916

STANDARD TIME.

| | Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed | Thurs | Fri | Sat | Sun |
|------|-----|-----|------|-----|-------|-----|-----|-----|
| 1916 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 1917 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 1918 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 1919 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 1920 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 1921 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 1922 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 1923 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 1924 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 1925 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 1926 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 1927 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 1928 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 1929 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 1930 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 1931 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 1932 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 1933 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 1934 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 1935 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 1936 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 1937 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |
| 1938 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |
| 1939 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | |
| 1940 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |
| 1941 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | |
| 1942 | 30 | 31 | | | | | | |
| 1943 | 31 | | | | | | | |
| 1944 | | | | | | | | |

Hughes Points the Way

The speech of the Republican candidate for president was a keynote speech indeed. Not one person in the great audience at the Carnegie hall meeting was in doubt for one moment as to just what he meant by everything he said.

His address was comprehensive, logical, clear and all sufficient for the occasion. There can be no dispute as to this. Plainly Mr. Hughes is a man who "knows what he wants when he wants it" and it is the opinion of political authorities who heard him and who have since read his remarks that he knows also how to get it.

It was incumbent upon the Republican candidate to confine the scope of his remarks to the limitations of the occasion, but his crushing analysis of the shortcomings of the present administration of the government is more an earnest of what the tone and the contents of his speeches will be when he gets on the stump.

At Carnegie hall Mr. Hughes adverted to every general question that is apt to be a serious issue in the campaign, and in language that will be absolutely clear to every man or woman able to read or hear his opinions, his convictions and his purposes. On the stump he will argue those points in detail. As an orator he is eloquent, his personality attractive, and his marshaling of facts so cohesive that he holds his audience to the end. He makes it easy for them to follow him, and his points are not lost.

There was nothing equivocal, nothing apologetic in the Republican candidate's speech of acceptance. He called a spade a spade, and the unanimous opinion of those who heard him was that he shot in the center and rang the bell. The Republican campaign is now open, and those who will speak and write and work for the success of the Republican ticket can wish for no more adequate campaign document, no more satisfactory statement of issues than are found in the candidate's salutatory.

WHAT ONE BIG MAN THINKS OF ANOTHER.

President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University is a pretty live wire who keeps abreast of the times, has keen powers of observation and knows a good man when he sees him. Here is what he has to say about the Republican candidate for the presidency.

"I have known Justice Hughes intimately since we were students together at Brown and have seen him a thousand times at work and at play. No man of our generation has a finer combination of character and intellect. Absolutely fearless, unselfish, loyal to American ideals, he is worthy of a nation's trust."

"All his friends know that behind the dignity of bearing is a rich fund of humor and good fellowship. Whether he is climbing a mountain, reading novels, playing with his children, realizing a political lobby or delivering the opinion of the supreme court, he is ever the same rugged, democratic, fair-minded American. His varied experiences have given him wide horizon and sympathy with every aspect of American life."

"He possesses two qualities rarely found together—the judicial temper and the capacity for swift and resolute action. Under his administration the fog which now besets many public questions would be cleared away. His penetrating mind goes to the heart of any subject he selects and strips off the irrelevant at once. Such a mind is peculiarly needed amid the intricate problems that now confront America."

"We need more than good intentions. We need clear vision, sound judgment, strong will, unhesitating decision. In short, we need Charles E. Hughes."

NEW TYPE OF HERO IS DEVELOPED AT VERDUN.

Couriers Carry Orders to Front at Great Risk of Life.

The unexampled conditions of fighting before Verdun have developed a new type of soldier called "the couriers of Verdun." They maintain communication between the troops in the midst of the maelstrom and officers commanding from the rear. The battlefield into which they dart with orders or after information is a desolate zone, where nothing but thick smoke, sometimes black, sometimes white, gives appearance of life. Excepting during the brief time of an infantry attack it is to all appearances deserted; the sharpest eye discovers no movement of humanity.

Occasionally a form is seen going over this desert land something after the manner of a rabbit, bounding into sight out of the herbs and above uneven ground to disappear again; leaping from obstacle to obstacle, from ditch to ditch, from shell hole to shell hole as it approaches the front line, at times vaulting, at others crawling and sometimes kept motionless for considerable periods by showers of projectiles sent over from the other side of the line for his personal benefit. This is the messenger of modern battle; he was never more needed nor more useful than at Verdun.

Not a telephone line can resist the incessant bombardment. Communications by carrier pigeons are uncertain, and optical signals are insufficient for various reasons. Nothing is certain except the man himself, and to transmit information and orders across that beaten field requires something extraordinary in the way of man.

The courier of Verdun is unable to use the communicating trenches, where he would be out of sight of the enemy, because that line is crowded always with soldiers going to or from the front line, with wounded being carried back, with men of the commissary department carrying provisions to the men on guard. That is too slow a route for the courier. He must take his chances of being sighted—and hit—above ground.

The first formidable obstacle to pass is the zone that is beaten by "drum fire," where eight inch, six inch and four inch shells are bursting with formidable explosions, sending showers of shrapnel over the whole zone. In going through this ordeal the courier sees everywhere the spectacle of death, stumbling over corpses, sometimes runs into a cloud of poison vapor before he has crossed it. Once through he is within range of the smaller guns and the deadly quick droops.

During the whole distance of a mile or two miles, according to the position, his nerves are at the highest tension, with his mind on the end of his mission and at the same time on the obstacles that are multiplied each instant in his path.

PAPER FROM COTTON STALKS.

German Testing Station Announces Important Discovery.

The royal material testing office at Grossschierfeld, a suburb of Berlin, announces paper can be manufactured from cotton stalks.

The discovery was made, it is stated, by a German institution while carrying out a commission from an Egyptian firm given before the war. A shipment of stalks which had arrived from Egypt before the opening of hostilities was used for the experiment.

The stalks were cut and ground, boiled and bleached, and the paper making then proceeded after the usual methods. The result showed the testing office to arrive at the decision cotton stalks are a good material for making paper.

Lincoln B. Palmer, manager of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, said that, although private and governmental laboratories had been seeking for years to find a suitable substitute for wood pulp in the manufacture of paper, nothing had been produced that would stand the test.

"If the Germans have solved the problem," he said, "they will have rendered the United States a valuable service, and it ought to bring millions to the inventor of the process. The discovery, if true, should prove a boon to the paper making industry in this country."

GIFT OF THE GAB.

Why Stephenson Thought There Was No Power to Equal It.

When George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive, was visiting the seat of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton on one occasion, says the writer of "Famous British Engineers," there happened to be present Dr. Buckland, the scientist, and Sir William Follett, the famous advocate.

Stephenson discussed with Dr. Buckland one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal and, though undoubtedly in the right, was ultimately vanquished by the arguments and oratory of the doctor, who was a better master of tongue fence than himself. Next morning while pondering over his defeat in the solitude of the garden he was accosted by Sir William Follett and confided to that gentleman the story of his failure.

Sir William, acquainted with the details of the matter in dispute, agreed to take up the case and soon afterward attacked Dr. Buckland on the subject. A long discussion ensued in which the man of law completely silenced the man of science, who was at last compelled to own himself vanquished. Sir Robert Peel, highly amused at this example of "lit for lit," then turned to the inventor and inquired, with a laugh:

"And what do you say on this matter, Mr. Stephenson?"

"What," he replied, "I will only say this—that of all the powers above and under the earth there seems to me no power equal to the gift of the gab."

"KIDDING THE FRESHIES" OF OUR TROOPS

Many "Third Lieutenants" Are Appointed by Experienced Men—New Ones Seek Ten Yards of Skirmish Line and Key to Parade Grounds.

DESPITE punishment of the "morning after," there is more real fun in camp than in any other phase of military life on account of the serious background and tension contrast.

Private Edward J. Radcliffe, Company 1, First Pennsylvania Infantry, writes about some of the things that are causing a laugh among the soldiers boys in El Paso. He tells of the manner in which recruits are "kidded" and about the institution of electing a third lieutenant.

"After the first thrilling call to arms by the commander in chief of the line has echoed into action and awakened the spirit of the past," he writes, "after the blare of the trumpets and the heavy tread of the troops off to the concentrating camps has ceased, when the sobs of anxious mothers, wives and sweethearts have settled deep in their breasts and when the first nervous tension incident to pre-front days has been relieved, then the fun of camp life begins."

"In fact, even before the soldierly, I believe, are imbued with that spirit of resigned fatalism concerning the future which is essential to the making of a good soldier, the sport with the recruits and rookies has begun. All the traditional pranks of camp life are carried out once more. The 'freshies' are sent to the commissary department for the key to the parade ground, ten yards of the skirmish line, the issue of lavender gloves for dress parade, etc."

Election of Third Lieutenant.

"No more have the troops pitched their canvas and partially settled on the bosom of Mother Earth than the time honored election of 'third lieutenants' takes place. This is the pet prank of camp life. The ball is usually started rolling as the men lie in their tents after taps. A couple of the older men engage in a conversation concerning the choice of a third lieutenant. A guileless recruit becomes intensely interested when the old hands in a casual way make it clear that it is one of the cherished traditions of the service that the third lieutenant shall be chosen from among the new recruits in order that the new men may have someone to look out for their interests up in the officers' street."

The next day the ambitious recruit is putting out "feelers" to see how his chances are for the coveted honor. He is highly flattered to find that his "feelers" are cold and turned along by the "vets." After the various candidates have retained "campaign managers" through the payment of "treble" at the various "canteens" about the camp and have run their legs off getting signatures of those who pledged themselves to vote for them, an election is held in the company street.

Usually the most guileless of the bunch of candidates is chosen and he is henceforth subject to all sorts of orders as long as he falls for the "bunk." The morning after election he finds himself ordered to rise before reveille and deck himself out in heavy marching order in order that he may go to brigade headquarters to get his sword and horse and various other equipment that a third lieutenant is supposed to have.

Can't See Brigadier.

"The fact that lieutenants are not provided with mounts seldom wakes up the dazed new commissioned officer to the fact that he is being kidded. After he is all ready to march away he is informed that the brigadier general is busy with his war maps and cannot receive the new officer that morning. If the 'lieutenant' falls for this he is up the following morning and the morning after that only to be disappointed by the occupation of the brigadier general in other matters than conferring commissions on 'third lieutenants.'"

"When this line of horseplay becomes tiresome, the new third lieutenant is solemnly presented with fake 'dispatches' by a joke loving company clerk, which informs the candidate that he has been transferred to Battery Q of the right field artillery, some miles from the camp. Alford in the heavy marching order that he had become accustomed to since his 'promotion,' the candidate is sent across the fields to some imaginary or it may be actual neighboring encampment. There he may learn wisdom, or he may not, and come home to learn through the medium of a hard headed 'top sergeant' who informs him that he is scheduled for a sojourn in the quartermaster and some extra heavy duty for being absent from camp without leave."

"The greatest fun, however, lies in running the guard after 'taps.' Some of the dialogue of camp life later finds its way into rambling camp sketches and may be familiar to some."

"Sentry—Halt! Who goes there?"

"Wayfarer—Nobody."

"Sentry—Come ahead."

"Another sample is as follows: 'Sentry—Halt! Who goes there?'"

"Night Wayfarer—A friend with a bottle."

"Sentry—Advance, friend, with the cork out."

"Another follows: 'Sentry—Who goes there?'"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

JOLLY PASTIME NOW ON THE BORDER

Little Stories of Interest About the Various Regiments Now Fighting Texas Sun and Rains—Some Camp Repair-tee Officers Do Not Hear.

"Wayfarer—You're not blind; come and see."

"Many other exchanges between sentries and wayfarers in typical camp vernacular which is overheard by those lying in their tents within the camp in the stillness of the night often set the entire camp in a roar until the sergeants of the quarters come down the company street with their lanterns, calling sternly: 'Steady! Steady!'"

"Of course this 'vandalism' at the expense of sentries brings sure punishment, because a sentry is supposed to receive almost the respect that is accorded a commissioned officer. Punishment usually consists in extra duty, as digging trenches, chopping wood, etc."

Cannot Decline His Pay.

The comptroller of the treasury has decided "that the conditions involved in enlistment in the national guard do not permit an election to refuse pay for service under enlistment so as to receive the pay of a civil position under the government" during the leave of absence period granted an enlisted man.

The decision was brought out in a case submitted by the attorney general. It was that of a special agent of the department enlisted in the national guard of Pennsylvania. This agent refused his pay as an enlisted man for the leave of absence period that he might draw his regular salary of \$4 per day.

The comptroller goes on to repeat a former important ruling of his office that employees of the government who are members of the national guard may, after actual muster into service, receive pay as a civilian employee until expiration of leave of absence if the combined pay does not exceed \$2,000 per annum. Above that figure pay as civilian employee would be prohibited under the act of May 10, 1910, the army appropriation bill.

Michigan Men Drill.

Following another foot examination of both the Thirty-first and Twenty-second regiments, under direction of Major William Reno, Michigan troops have entered upon the first stage of the three months' drill which has been laid out for them by the war department. Every man in the Michigan contingent must submit to the re-examination of his feet for corns, bunions, ingrowing toe nails, hammer toes, pricking toes, broken arches and flat shoes. This is to determine if the new shoes which were recently issued are of the nature which is conducive to foot health. Major Reno is an expert and examines feet at the rate of one pair every sixteen seconds.

Colonel Coville, acting brigade commander, has appointed Major Stewart of the Thirty-second and Major Dennis of the Thirty-first to interpret the order for troop work for the next three months. They will outline a plan of action which will be followed by captains, brigade and division commanders.

For the month of August the work will be confined to company drills. Each company must devote three and a half hours a day to this work. Besides the drills, lectures on military discipline and courtesy will be delivered.

The new order requires that every one must engage in the work with the exception of the sick, guards, cooks and one uncommissioned officer in charge of quarters. This would relieve the cook of all assistants, such as kitchen police and mess sergeants, and would work a hardship on the entire company. To alleviate this condition Colonel Barlow has addressed a letter to General Bell asking that sufficient help to care for the mess be allowed to remain in camp.

Variety In Indiana Food.

The home folk may think that there is no variety in the commissary supplies issued to the Indiana officers. Here is the list that was issued to the thirteen organizations of the Third regiment recently, on orders of Colonel Kuhlman: Bread, fresh beef, rice flour, beans, potatoes, corn, tea, vinegar, bacon, asparagus, milk, shrimp, prunes, pickles, rice, sugar, table salt, soda, crackers, washing powder, onions, coffee, lard, oatmeal, salmon, tomato soup, canned peaches, baking powder, canned cherries, peas, graham crackers, evaporated apples, macaroni, hard bread, ginger, assorted jam, prepared mustard, lemon extract, vanilla, peaches, blackberry jam, soap, matches, candles.

Lieutenant Frank Buschmann, quartermaster of the First battalion, Indiana field artillery, has issued the following to the 557 men in the batteries. In addition to what they received at Fort Harrison: One thousand four hundred and forty-five undershirts, 1,107 drawers, 850 pairs of stockings, 503 sweaters, 181 pairs of riding gloves, besides the riding breeches and fatigue uniforms. So, you see, the artillerymen are not in rags.

One of the interesting characters at Llano Grande camp is Paul Benson, private Company K, Third regiment, from Anson, Ind. He is instructor in Spanish in the officers' school of the Third regiment and says they are getting along well with the language, which is confined largely to everyday phrases and sentences that are needed in dealing with the Mexicans. The officers have learned that certain English words like "hacienda" and "guard" may be changed to Spanish by adding the sound of "a." The rule is not a general one. For instance, Major Healer

called for "soap" at the Mercedes hotel and the Mexican waiter brought him a bowl of soup. Had the major asked for "jabon" he would have got the soap. Benson for several years was connected with a mining company in Arundo, Mexico, where Villa was reported. Benson says that the patines are courteous and will divide their last bite with a stranger who is hungry.

Troopers About In Aprons.

Twelve hundred of Colonel Milton J. Foreman's Chicago troopers tooned aside their rifles and sabers the other day and donned the housewife's apron. It was a week end housecleaning. The camp was combed from stem to stern, if such an expression can apply to land operations. Every stray piece of paper was gathered from the troop streets and grounds, every homestead was leveled and raked, and even the incalculable brush to a distance 1,000 feet from headquarters was given a trimming never before had. Clouds of dust arose from all parts of the cantonment. At the end of the day Colonel Foreman promised to have the cleanest camp in Bryansville.

"It is the first bit of real manual labor the boys have had since they came here," said the regimental leader. "Heretofore all work of this character, cleaning, digging, etc., has been done by Mexicans, hired by me. But if the boys go into Mexico they will have to do this work, so it won't hurt them to try their hand at it now. Tidiness and cleanliness prevent disease, and the health of my men is my first concern."

Visits His Son.

He raised his boy to be a soldier. Captain L. F. O'Donnell of Chicago, seventy-two years old, who served through the civil war in the Forty-sixth Ohio volunteers, has returned from the shore of Lake Michigan to visit his son Elmer, who is a husky young private in the machine gun company of the First Illinois Infantry. The veteran walked down the perilous steps of "Hell's stairway," which leads to the camp, with a firm step and his head erect in defiance of the Texas sun. The boy did not expect to see his father, and it was a surprise party. When they came face to face in Texas, Private O'Donnell briskly saluted Captain O'Donnell, and the salute was gravely returned. Then they greeted each other as a fond father and a joyful son would be expected to do.

"Gee, father, it's good to see you here!" cried Elmer. "What did mother say when you left her?"

"Is he making a good soldier?" Captain O'Donnell asked First Sergeant Jacob Zahn, on being assured that the boy was doing his full duty, the veteran drew his son aside, and they talked of home. Later in the day Captain O'Donnell was taken to see the Maxims being fired at the rate of 500 shots a minute.

"One of those little things might have settled the battle of Gettysburg," said Captain O'Donnell. "I envy my boy the conditions under which he is working his country. The comforts and sanitary arrangements provided for American soldiers in the field were beyond the dreams of the boys in 1861. Mother will be glad to know how well her boy is being taken care of by Uncle Sam."

The gray veteran mused with the youths of the machine gun company and confessed to a growing desire to re-enlist.

"I'm strong enough, and healthy enough, but mother would never stand for it," he explained.

To Talk by Phone to Chicago.

"Hello, Chicago?" will be shouted by every member of the First Illinois brigade in Camp Wilson, Tex., and their voices will be heard by wives, mothers and sweethearts in Chicago. This at least is the long distance telephone plan under consideration by electrical experts who are serving in the Illinois national guard. Captain George E. Boyd of Company K, Second Infantry, is sponsor of the plan. He is an official of a large electric company, and forty-seven members of his command are employees of that firm. Captain Boyd is certain that he can arrange for wholesale telephone communication between these men and their families in Chicago. The idea of placing the entire brigade and possibly other Illinois units here to converse with Chicago by telephone is now under consideration.

"Chiggers" Club In Southwest.

Chicago has its clubs of ultra exclusiveness, but "Camp Chiggers," where the First brigade is encamped at Leon Springs, has a club which takes the hard luck for exclusiveness. It was known as the Chigger club and its membership is confined to officers who have sustained at least thirty chigger bites during the present tour of duty. There are about twenty-five full fledged members and about fifty more are on the "itching list." Captain Thomas Nolan of the Seventh regiment has been chosen president. Lieutenant Robert S. Givens of the Second regiment is chairman of the entertainment committee. The duties of this committee are light, but active, as they are merely called upon to entertain the chiggers.

Won't Let You Forget It.

"Is he a real friend?" "I don't think so. He's always willing to lend money to you if you feel it but he isn't afraid to ask you to pay it back if you don't show any sign of ever going to do so."—Detroit Free Press.

Looking Ahead.

"Here's my I. O. U. for \$10." "But you only borrowed \$5." "Oh, that's all right! If I don't borrow the difference by next week it mind me!"—Puck.

Probably.

"My father told me a wonderful story this morning." "Illustrated with cuts, I presume?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



—May in Cleveland Leader.

THE FLAG AND THE MAN.

DUTY OF THE ADMINISTRATION TO STOP PLOTS AND CONSPIRACIES.

We denounce all plots and conspiracies in the interest of any foreign nation. Utterly intolerable is the use of our soil for alien intrigues. Every American must unreservedly condemn them and support every effort for their suppression. But here also prompt, vigorous and adequate measures on the part of the administration were needed. There should have been no hesitation, no notion that it was wise and politic to delay. Such an abuse of our territory demanded immediate and thoroughgoing action. As soon as the administration had notice of plots and conspiracies it was its duty to stop them. It was not lacking in resources. Its responsibility for their continuance cannot be escaped by the condemnation of others.—From Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance.

PROMISE TO REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING NOT KEPT.

Our opponents promised to reduce the cost of living. This they have failed to do. But they did reduce the opportunities of making a living. Let us not forget the conditions that existed in this country under the new tariff prior to the outbreak of the war. Production had decreased, business was languishing, new enterprises were not undertaken. Instead of expansion there was entrenchment and our streets were filled with the unemployed. What ground is there for expecting better conditions when the unhealthy stimulus of the war has spent its force and our industries and workmen are exposed to the competition of an energized Europe?

It is plain that we must have protective upbuilding policies.—Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance.

Philadelphia's Boast.

Philadelphia was the first place and remains the only place in America where a first class battleship can be built and equipped from keel to armor and fifteen inch guns without going beyond a state border for the materials.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Whoever lives true life will love true love.—Mrs. Brownlee.

"AMERICA FIRST AND AMERICA EFFICIENT."

We come to birth in a plain and direct manner, our faith, our purpose and our pledge. This representative gathering is a happy augury. It means the strength of reunion. It means that the party of Lincoln is restored, alert, effective. It means the unity of a common perception of paramount national needs. It means that we are neither deceived nor benumbed by abnormal conditions. We know that we are in a critical period, perhaps more critical than any period since the civil war. We need a dominant sense of national unity, the exercise of our best constructive powers, the vigor and resourcefulness of a quickened America. We desire that the Republican party as a great liberty party shall be the agency of national achievement, the organ of the effective expression of dominant Americanism. What do I mean by that? I mean America conscious of power, awake to obligation, erect in self respect, prepared for every emergency, devoted to the ideals of peace, instinct with the spirit of human brotherhood, safeguarding both individual opportunity and the public interest, maintaining a well ordered constitutional system adapted to local self government without the sacrifice of essential national authority, appreciating the necessity of stability, expert knowledge and thorough organization as the indispensable conditions of security and progress; a country loved by its citizens with a patriotic fervor permitting no division in their allegiance and no rivals in their affection—I mean America first and America efficient. It is in this spirit that I respond to your summons.—From Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance.

Two Sets of Muscles.

You have two sets of muscles—the outer ones, which you can feel, and the inner ones, which are your lungs, heart, stomach and other internal organs. The outer ones are contentment for performing actions. The inner ones are your life—the "fate" which makes you happy or depressed, powerful or weak, useful or the contrary. These inner muscles require training. Just like any other muscles, by intelligently directed exercise.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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ELECTING A PRESIDENT



Zachary
Taylor,
Democrat,
Elected
in
1848.

IN this election Zachary Taylor of Louisiana was opposed by Lewis Cass, Whig, of Michigan. The Democratic convention was held at Baltimore, and the Whigs met at Philadelphia. The vote was 103 to 127. Martin Van Buren ran again on the Free Soil ticket. The popular vote was: Taylor, 1,300,101; Cass, 1,220,844; Van Buren, 291,203. Millard Fillmore was chosen vice president that year.

In the election of 1872 Franklin Pierce was the Democratic nominee and Winfield Scott the Whig candidate. The former was elected by a big majority in the electoral college, but by a scant popular plurality. William R. King of Alabama was elected vice president that year.

(Watch for the election of Buchanan in 1856 in our next issue.)

HER HUSBAND'S OFFICE.

A Story For Wives Who Just Drop In During Business Hours.

"Will you please," asks a secret sufferer, "write something about wives who make unexpected calls at their husbands' offices? I am not guilty of anything, but I think that even the most innocent of men suffers acutely when his wife visits him at his office. There is no way for me to make my wife understand this unless I appear boorish and brutal. Can't you say something about it? Many wives read your column."

Yes, friend, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. We will put it in the form of general propositions, hoping thereby to sleep on no individual toes. We hold these facts to be proved:

That no husband ever wants his wife to call on him at his office during business hours, except upon his invitation.

That no wife can know how she upsets his routine, disorders the mental processes that go on during those hours and subjects herself to the gossip of his office mates.

That there is no easy way to make a wife see this.

We proceed from these truisms to a few observations.

A lovely creature breezes into her husband's office just because she happens to be passing. She says:

"Now, don't let me disturb you a minute—I know you are busy. Dearest, what good does that desk light do you at that angle? Don't you know you will ruin your eyes? What a mess your desk is! Look at Mr. Office-mate's—how neat it is! Well, just let me slick this little package in your lower drawer and you bring it home with you when you come."

"Well, I must run along, for you're busy. Come out to the elevator with me, dear; I want to speak to you. Who is that disreputable looking man who is waiting in the outer office to see you? Why, it's a perfect disgrace to have such calls!"

"You have an appointment with him?"

"How can you make an appointment with such a creature? Well, goodness, dear. Get your shoes shined before you come home—your look awfully sloppy."

And if husband protests against that call her eyes fill with innocent tears and she says:

"Why, I wasn't there five minutes, and you weren't working at anything when I came in! And men call on you and stay half an hour! Of course I'll never come again. Are you ashamed of your wife?"

The Bethlehem Music Festival.

The Bach festival at Bethlehem is one of the most interesting events in musical production in this country.

"Musically Bethlehem, Pa., is the most remarkable town or settlement in the United States." In 1790 Bethlehem had an orchestra, probably the first in the United States. In 1891 the Bethlehem music festival was marked by the first performance in America of Bach's complete Christmas oratorio. Bethlehem has been called "the American Oberammergau" and "the American Bethlehem."

The music festival is held each year.—New York Times.

Trebizond and Polo.

Polo probably came to us indirectly from Trebizond, where the Kabak medien, or pumpkin square, was the site of a medieval polo ground. The game found great favor with the nobles of Trebizond and was played on horseback, much in the same way as modern polo. It produced intense excitement among the spectators, rivaling that of the hippodrome, possibly because it was dangerous as well as fashionable. Polo caused the death of one emperor of Trebizond—John I., who was killed by a fall from his horse.—Westminster Gazette.

Died Same Date, Not Same Day.

While it is true that Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same date, they did not die on the same day. Shakespeare died Tuesday, April 23, 1616. Cervantes died Saturday, April 23, 1616. The explanation lies in the difference between the calendars in use at that time in England and Spain. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare outlived Cervantes by about ten days.—London Observer.

PENALTY OF A RIME.

Caustic Collingborne Paid For His Taunt at Richard III.

Did you ever hear of a spring poet who came to his death because of a rime? Doubtless many spring poets have merited the same fate, but in our day justice tarries and the world suffers in silence.

It was not thus when Richard III, last of the Plantagenets, ruled England. In the main the people who did not agree with the Duke of Gloucester were wise enough to keep their opinions to themselves, but William Collingborne thought to stretch poetic license to make it cover an attack on his majesty at a time when the murder of the two princes in the Tower ought to have taught prudence.

The king was under the sway of a beautiful and clever woman, Mrs. Lovell, who was thought to dictate much of his policy, which was hopelessly bad. Now, Collingborne had recourse to the fact that the wolf dog was called a "lovel," and so he penned the famous rime, "The rat, the cat and lovel, our dog, rule all England under the hog." As a result, England was decidedly "on the hog."

Did the rime escape the eagle eye of Gloucester? Well, if it did it was not overlooked by the lady. That was a year before the famous battle of Bosworth, when the Earl of Richmond came to the rescue of his suffering people. Richard had put down Buckingham's rebellion, and all the traitors had paid the price with their heads, so another head more or less did not matter. Collingborne was summoned into court, given a perfunctory trial and sent to the block. However, there is no evidence that he was punished for writing atrocious poetry.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SAVING OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

How Valuable Papers Are Mended and Mounted For Preserving.

There are not fifty persons in the United States who are skilled in the preservation and repairing of old manuscripts. One of them, says the University of Wisconsin Bulletin, may be found working on the third floor of the Wisconsin Historical library building at Madison, one of the six or seven institutions in the country that carry on such work scientifically.

About a generation or two ago a priest in the Vatican library at Rome originated and developed the process now in use in the taking care of old papers.

The first thing done in the process of preserving the letters is to place them between wet newspapers under a weight and leave them for five or six hours. This removes the creases and the dirt. When they are put between wood pulp boards and left twenty-four hours and then between blotters to complete the drying process. The next step is to repair the paper.

The paper of some of these letters is so old when received that it falls to pieces if struck. This is strengthened by a layer of a sort of transparent cloth, on both sides of the piece of paper. Other letters need mending along the edges with parchment paper. To cover holes a piece of paper is glued over the edges and is left larger than the hole until dry. It is then cut down to the proper size, and the edges are sandpapered until smooth. After all such repairs are made the letters are mounted on large white sheets and prepared for binding.

Bear Baiting.

In the time of Shakespeare theaters were often used for bear baiting as well as for the presentation of plays and in some cases were equipped with a stage which could be removed when the bear baiting was to occur. The contemporary attitude toward this diversion is seen in this quotation: "It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies' approach." It is comforting to reflect in these days that the killing of animals, at least as a form of public amusement, has greatly diminished and in most countries has disappeared.—Outlook.

What Impressed Her.

Shortly after William Crooks, the labor leader, was elected to parliament, says an English weekly, he took his little daughter to Westminster. She was evidently awed at the splendors round her and maintained a profound and wondering silence all the time. Mr. Crooks was delighted to see her so much impressed.

"Well," said he to her at last, "what are you thinking so deeply about, dear?"

"I was thinking, daddy," answered the little girl, "that you're a big man in our kitchen but you aren't very much here."

Changed Meaning.

One of the best examples of how in letters incorrectly is that of a soldier who wrote home to his wife the following sentence without a single stop or comma:

"May heaven cherish and keep you from yours affectionately John Don."

Difference of Opinion.

"I have nothing to live for," said Slowpay at table.

"Well, you'll find out soon that you can't live here for nothing," snapped his landlady.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Slight Misapprehension.

"Is your husband an altruist?"

"I don't think so," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "and I almost hope nobody asks him to join. Charley has so many uniforms now that I can hardly take care of them."—Washington Star.

Platinum in Colombia.

Platinum thrown away by early Spanish explorers, ignorant of its value, often is found in excavating foundations for new buildings in Colombia sometimes in sufficient quantities to pay the cost of a building.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

GRANT AND MARK TWAIN.

When the Humorist Took the Stump For the General.

The year 1880 was a presidential one. Mark Twain was for General Garfield and made a number of remarkable speeches in his favor. General Grant came to Hartford during the campaign, and Mark Twain was chosen to make the address of welcome. Perhaps no such address of welcome was ever made before. He began:

"I am among those deputed to welcome you to the sincere and cordial hospitalities of Hartford, the city of the historic and revered Charter Oak, of which most of the town is built."

It seemed to be at a loss what to say next, and, leaning over, pretended to whisper to Grant. Then, as if he had been prompted by the great soldier, he straightened up and poured out a fervid eulogy on Grant's victories, adding in an aside as he faltered, "I nearly forgot that part of my speech," to the roaring delight of his hearers. While Grant himself grimly smiled.

He then spoke of the general being now out of public employment, of how grateful to him his country was, and how it stood ready to reward him "in every conceivable—indeed, in every way."

Grant had smiled more than once during the speech, and when the sentence came out at the end his composure broke up altogether, while the throng shouted approval. Clemens made another speech that night at the opera house—a speech long remembered in Hartford as one of the great efforts of his life.

A very warm friendship had grown up between Mark Twain and General Grant. A year earlier, on the famous soldier's return from his trip around the world, a great birthday banquet had been given him in Chicago at which Mark Twain's speech had been the event of the evening. The colonel who long before had chased the young pilot soldier through the Missouri bottoms had become his conquering hero, and Grant's admiration for America's foremost humorist was most hearty.—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

A "BIT" OF MONEY.

The Use of the Term to Designate a Small Coin Is Very Old.

There is more than one theory as to the origin of the term "two bits" and its multiples of "four bits," etc., as applied to money.

But according to a writer in the New York Sun the use of the word "bit" in the sense of a small coin is very ancient.

The "Colonial Records of Pennsylvania" aver that at a council held at Philadelphia "ye 24th of the 8th month, 1683, under the presidency of 'Wm. Penn, Prop. and Gov.'"

The Gov. teleth Ch. Pickering & Saml. Buckley of their abuse to ye Government in Quoting of Spanish Ditts and Boston money to the Great Damage and abuse to ye Subjects thereof.

They confess they have put out some of these new bits.

And in three other parts of the report of said council, the word "bit" occurs again.

But as a matter of fact for whole generations before that time a "bit" or "bit" was as common a synonym for a small coin in the sense of "penny" in England as were the variants "bunk" and "pump" for a penny. In 1607 Thomas Decker said in his "Jests to Make Mirth":

If they once knew where the bung and bit is.

And further back in 1592 Harman in his "Defence of Cony-catching" said: Some would venture all the bits in their bung at dice.

What the real origin of the slangy "bit" is does not appear to be known, but it seems plausible that it is nothing more than the common every day "bit" in the sense of something small.

Not So Easy as It Seemed.

Twelve persons decided to lunch together every day and agreed not to sit twice in the same order. One of the number, a mathematician, surprised his associates by informing them that their decision meant that one and one-third million years must elapse before they would again be seated in the original order. Two men can sit together only in two different ways, three in six ways, four in twenty-four, five in 120, six in 720, seven in 5,040, eight in 40,320, nine in 362,880, ten in 3,628,800, eleven in 39,916,800 and twelve in 479,100,000.—Buck for All.

Cost of Discovering America.

The discovery of America cost a little more than \$7,000, at least so say some documents that were found in the archives of Genoa. These documents give the value of Columbus' fleet as \$3,000. The great admiral was paid a salary of \$200 a year, the two captains who accompanied him received a salary of \$200 each, and the members of the crew were paid at the rate of \$250 a month each.—American Boy.

Her First Day in Church.

The two trustees in the church took up the collection in the middle aisle, then began in front again and worked the side aisles.

"I should think," whispered the small girl to her father, "they would have four waiters, one for each aisle."—Newark News.

Courage.

What one needs to cultivate is a tenacity of purpose that will not quit nor turn aside, a courage that in emergencies dares to separate from the crowd, that never recognizes defeat.

One Way to View It.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," some poet says.

"That's right. At any rate it's easier to admire a girl when she's well off."—Boston Transcript.

New York footpad victim laughed too soon to think he had no money. Robbers took every stitch of clothes he wore and beat him besides.

John D. laughed right out in Cleveland church and congregation joined him, when preacher said joke of young men who marry thinking "she is like, only to find that he's born."

A Boon For Barley.

"Barley is strangely neglected by the cook of today," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. "As it contains more starch and sugar and less gluten than wheat, it might well take the place of the potato on our tables and this with benefit to purse and health."

"One cup of barley will swell to five times its original size when cooked, and its uses are wonderfully varied."

"As a breakfast dish with sugar and cream it is rich and satisfying; for dinner, as a garnish for meat or with rich meat gravy, it makes a savory entree; at tea time cold steamed barley cut in slices and browned in hot butter, then served with maple syrup, is delicious."

"Combined with dried or fresh fruits it makes a wholesome dessert as rice. Indeed, there is no way in which rice may be prepared in which barley cannot be cooked with just as good results. Barley requires a long time to cook properly, but now we have the cereal cooker and the fireless cooker and with them the opportunity to have the perfect cereal."

Quar Use For Cordite.

Some years ago Lord Haldane startled the house of commons when replying to a remark made by another member as to the danger attached to the use of cordite by saying that he himself possessed a walking stick made of cordite which he sometimes brought down to the house and left in the cloakroom. An uneasy look stole over the faces of the members present, but in a scientific and highly technical speech his lordship explained that cordite was a perfectly innocent substance until brought into contact with dangerous allies, and without certain ingredients necessary to convert it into an explosive it might be handled with impunity. At the same time it was noticed that Lord Haldane's stick was given a wide berth when it was seen in the cloakroom.

Japanese Translations.

A writer in a Tokyo Journal reports the struggles of Japanese writers to translate English idioms into their own tongue. "We put our heads together" (We collided). "He could not find it for the life of him" (He could not discover it till his death). "He is a great loss to his country" (He is a great calamity to his country). "He hung his head for shame" (He committed suicide by strangulation). "He takes things easily" (He is a deft thief). "She sat over a cup of tea" (She sat upon a teacup). "I shudder at the bare idea" (I shudder to think that the man is naked). "The bare idea" is evidently translated into "the idea of bareness." "Spare me five minutes" (Spare my life—only for five minutes).

Horses in the Time of Homer.

The horses used in Homer's time were war horses. The warriors were drawn in chariots. The art of riding was known, but it is alluded to as something unusual. Odysseus at the time of his shipwreck "leaped a plank, like a horseman on a big steed."

There are reasons for believing that the practice of riding was much later than that of driving, and the myth of the chariot, where, according to Shakespeare, "man is horsed and deadened with the least," probably originated at an early period when the appearance of a man on horseback was a novel sight.

Too Costly.

At one of the Boston theaters recently there was shown on the screen a picture of a stock exchange. The brokers were hurrying about, pushing, waving their arms, gesticulating and to the uninitiated acting like a lot of insane men. Two young ladies in the balcony watched them with breathless interest for some time, then one asked:

"Why in the world don't they sit down and rest once in awhile?"

"My dear," was the enlightening answer, "don't you know that a seat in the Stock Exchange costs thousands of dollars?"—Harper's Magazine.

Two Kinds of Joy.

The joys as well as the burdens of life are pretty evenly divided between the sexes after all, and probably a little girl derives as much innocent pleasure from being a flower girl at a wedding as a little boy does from going to school with a live garter snake in his trousers pocket.—Ohio State Journal.

The Man Behind the Message.

The value of a thing depends largely upon who says it. Words may be bullets, but character must be the powder at the back of them to give them projectile force. The man behind the message is as important as the man behind the gun.

He Told Her.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Arminuta.

"I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie softly.

Keeps Him Busy.

The Skeptical Aunt—What does he do, Dolly, for a living? Dolly greatly surprised—Why, auntie, he does not have time to earn a living while we are engaged!

Unusual.

"He's different to most men anyhow."

"In what way?"

"He even knows all the words in the second verse of 'America.'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Way to Wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—Industry and frugality.—Franklin

More Noticeable.

The more rare a man's qualities are the more he will be found fault with. Just as a diamond is always more noticeable than dust on a brick.—Josh Billings

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way toward the value of the thing itself.—Seneca

A RECORD VOYAGE

When the Savannah Crossed the Atlantic to England.

CAUSED A REAL SENSATION.

She Was the First Steamship to Dare the Hazardous Trip, and This Exhibition of Yankee Ingenuity Aroused the Wonder of All Europe.

The honor of first navigating the sea with a steamer belongs to an American, Colonel John Stevens of New York. Transatlantic steam navigation was long discussed before any one combining sufficient skill with courage and a spirit of adventure made the bold attempt.

The London Times in its issue of May 11, 1810, thus announced the expected event: "Great Experiment—A new steam vessel of 800 tons has been built in New York for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. 'She is to come to Liverpool direct.'"

On the very day that this brief notice appeared the vessel referred to was visited by the president of the United States and sent "a short trial trip previous to her departure on the hazardous voyage."

This steamer, named the Savannah, the first that crossed any of the oceans, was built at the city of New York by Francis Picket for Daniel Dodd. She was launched on the 23d of August, 1818. She could carry only seventy-five tons of coal and twenty-five cords of wood. The Savannah sailed from the city of Savannah, Ga., on the 25th of May, 1819, bound for St. Petersburg, via Liverpool. She reached the latter port on the 20th of June, having used sixteen days out of the twenty-six, and thus demonstrated the feasibility of transatlantic steam navigation.

As the Savannah approached Cape Clear, on the southern coast of Ireland, and smoke was seen to issue from her, it was at first supposed that a sailing vessel was on fire, and one of the king's cutters was dispatched to her relief. But great was their wonder at their locality, with all sail in a fast vessel, to come up with a ship under bare poles. After several shots were fired from the cutter the engine was stopped and the surprise of her crew at the mistake they had made, as well as their curiosity to see the singular Yankee craft, can be easily imagined. They asked permission to go on board and were much gratified by the inspection of this "naval novelty." Upon approaching Liverpool hundreds of people came off in boats to see the Savannah. On approaching the city the shipping piers and roofs of houses were thronged with persons cheering the adventurous craft. Several naval officers, noblemen and merchants from London came down to visit the boat and were very curious to ascertain her speed, destination and other particulars.

During the sojourn of the Savannah at Liverpool the British public regarded the boat with suspicion, and the newspapers of the day suggested the idea that "this steam operation may be in some manner connected with the ambitious views of the United States." One journal, recalling the fact that Jerome Bonaparte had offered a large reward to any one who would succeed in rescuing his brother Napoleon from St. Helena, surmised that the Savannah had this undertaking in view.

The Savannah remained twenty-five days at Liverpool and sailed for St. Petersburg on July 23, "getting under way with steam" and "a large fleet of vessels in company." The boat touched en route at Copenhagen, where it excited great curiosity, and also at Stockholm, where she was visited by the royal family.

On the 5th of September the steamer left Stockholm. On the 6th she reached Kronstadt, having used steam the whole passage, and a few days later reached St. Petersburg.

Here the vessel was visited by the Russian lord high admiral, Marcus do Travy, and other distinguished military and naval officers, who also tested her superior qualities by a trip to Kronstadt. The Savannah remained at St. Petersburg until Oct. 10 and then set sail on her homeward voyage "in company with about eight sail of shipping."

She arrived at Savannah on Tuesday, Nov. 20, and shortly afterward was taken to the navy yard at Washington. The subsequent history of the Savannah can be told in a few words. On account of the great fire in Savannah her owners were compelled to sell her, and she was purchased to run as a packet between that city and New York, whither she was bound when she was lost on the south side of Long Island.—Philadelphia Press.

Securing a Prisoner.

A sheriff, annoyed by the crowd which follows when a prisoner is taken along a public thoroughfare handcuffed to a policeman, devised a simple way of handcuffing a prisoner so that he can be taken through a crowd without every one being aware that he is really in shackles. Instead of locking the prisoner to the officer, the prisoner is handcuffed to a heavily laden suitcase, which he is required to carry. The suitcase is filled with bricks and weighs from twenty to fifty pounds, making escape very difficult.—Detroit Free Press.

He Is sometimes slave who should be master and sometimes master who should be slave.—Cleero.

In addition to its pearl oysters the waters of Lower California yield sponges, tortles, sperm and gray back whales, while in the bays and river mouths of the east coast many alligators are to be found.

